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A
COLLECTION
OF
ODES, POEMS,
AND
TRANSLATIONS,

BY
LAURENCE HYNES HALLARAN,

MASTER OF ALPHINGTON ACADEMY NEAR EXETER.

DEDICATED, WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,
TO THE INHABITANTS OF THAT CITY.

*Nec fonte Labra proluui Caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniaſſe Parnaffo
Memini—*

*O Curas Hominum ! O Quantum eſt in rebus inane !
Quis leget hæc ?*

PERSIUS.

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P R E F A C E.

To the READER.

A PREFACE takes its Station at the Head of a Publication, as naturally as a Recruiting Serjeant marches before his Party. Nor is their Office much dissimilar. The latter, in an elaborate and pompous Speech, invites you to enlist, and points out the Advantages that will result to you in Consequence of your becoming a Gentleman Soldier, and serving his Majesty. The Preface, in like Manner, in a Stile too often equally replete with Bombast and pompous Falshood, solicits your Attention to the subsequent Pages, and lays before you a Summary of their Contents, promising you a Fund of Entertainment, Amusement, and Advantage from the Perusal of them. But as the poor Fellow, who allured by the fair Picture Mr. Serjeant holds out, and his flourishing Description of the Pleasures of a military Life, catches at the golden Bait, and gives up his Liberty, too soon finds

those expected Pleasures merely ideal, and that hard Labour is rewarded only with harder Blows and severe Discipline :—In like Manner, the Reader, who induced by the flattering Promises of a Preface, enters upon, and wastes his Time in the Drudgery of perusing the fulsome Contents of some puff-off Pamphlet, frequently gets only his Labour for his Pains ; and sits down at the Conclusion of the Work with as little Edification, or Improvement to his Mind, as his poor Fellow-Labourer has Money in his Pocket at the End of a hard Campaign. But this Comparison does not always hold. —Some Prefaces, it must be admitted, are handsome Indices of more handsome Performances :—However, as I have been free to censure them in a general Way, as being often false Tablets ; I promise you, mine shall not be liable to the same Stigma ; for I will not promise, but only wish you Entertainment ; I will not present you a pompous Bill of Fare ; nor pretend, my Larder is well stored with Delicacies, when I am conscious a plain, very plain Repast, is all I can afford you. However, such as it is, Reader, you are heartily welcome to it, and I wish you a good Appetite ; which often makes even an indifferent Dish palatable.

It may be expected, I should advance some Reason for offering to the Public a Collection of Poems
that

that have so small a Share of Merit to recommend them, as I must acknowledge, will be found in the following Work. Was it the Importunity of Friends, that extorted the Publication, the common Apology for obtruding such Trash on the Public, enquires a stern Censor?—No, indeed, good Mr. Snarler, it was not. I have now before me a Letter from a Gentleman of considerable Literary Abilities; but much more distinguished by the Goodness of his Heart, his exemplary Piety, and unbounded Benevolence, (I will not wound his Delicacy by publishing a Name ever respectable, but rendered doubly so by his extraordinary Virtues,) in which, after paying me an unmerited Compliment on my Translation of an Ode of Horace, he adds, “I wish you
 “ had Leisure for more Productions of this Kind,
 “ in order to fulfil the Words of the above-men-
 “ tioned Poet,

“ *Et prodesse volunt, et delectare Poetæ.*”

“ The *Prodesse* for yourself, and the *Delectare* for
 “ your Readers.” Now, Mr. Critic, shall I tell you
 the real Motives of this Publication? It is truly a
 Wish, “ *Prodesse, et Delectare;*” a Wish to benefit
 myself, and amuse my Readers; though interested
 Motives do not so far predominate, nor sway me so
 much, but that the Latter is the primary Object, I

have in view ; and if my Productions succeed in affording any Degree of Entertainment to the Public, to whom I have so many Obligations, no pecuniary Consideration will counterbalance the Satisfaction such an Assurance will impart to me.

The Ode for the New Year is evidently a late Performance. Should it have no other commendatory Merit, the Name of COURTENAY will at least procure it a Reading in this Country, and under that respectable Name, I must beg to shelter its Defects from too severe a Scrutiny.

The other Poems, and Translations, (those excepted, which are titled "Juvenile Productions,") I have written during my Residence in Devonshire. —The Inhabitants of that County will therefore, I trust, consider them as Local Relations, and shew them some Degree of Patronage accordingly. The "Juvenile Pieces," were composed either before, or very shortly after I had attained the early Age of Sixteen. They may therefore be presumed to teem with Imperfections ; but I request no Critic will pervert his Purpose, and subject himself to Censure, by employing his more valuable Time in scrutinizing the Poetical Works of a Boy, in which he cannot but expect to find "jarring Numbers" and "discordant Harmony," when it is considered, that at the Time they, (or at least the greater Part
of

of them) were written, the poor Poet's Helicon, was the Mast-head ; and the hoarse Roaring of an inclement Element supplied, but indifferently, the enchanting Music of the " Groves of Parnassus."

Upon the Whole, as I am but a bad Horseman, my Pegasus must not be expected to take any sublime Flights. I am not madly vain enough to pretend to stand in Competition with any of the British Poets, that swell Bell's Catalogue ; and as I don't wish to raise your Expectation on tiptoe for some grand Performance, pray, Courteous Reader, be not dissatisfied, if you find your Entertainment plain and frugal !

It may be said by some peevish person or other, " How does this Man, who is engaged in a Profession, universally admitted to be laborious, and to require vast Confinement, find Time and Leisure for writing these *Rhymes*, which he dignifies with the Name of *Poems* ? There must certainly be a Neglect somewhere ! These trifling Pursuits must divert his Attention from Business more essentially important !" His former Position, viz. that a School requires great Confinement, and intense Application, I feelingly admit ; but his latter I flatly assert to be ill-founded ; and for the Truth of my Assertion, beg Leave to refer to the best Arbitrators

trators in this Business, viz. my Employers. Surely if they are satisfied with my Attention, (and satisfied I have just Grounds to think, they are) Ill-nature itself will not refuse me a Permission common to Plantation Slaves, viz. to employ my small Portion of Leisure as I please. Should there be any one so malignantly disposed, I beg Leave to assure him, I find more Pleasure in the innocent Amusement of cultivating a "Favourite Muse," than I am willing to think he can partake from the invidious Employment of censuring his Neighbour.

In fine, I have too often experienced the Generosity of the Public, to doubt their Indulgence on the present Occasion; and to their Candour I submit my Work,

"With all its Imperfections on its Head,"
And I earnestly request they will consider the chief Motive of the Publication, "*Delectare*," and let the Goodness of the Intention compensate for the numberless Defects of the Performance.

DEDICATION.

DEDICATION.

HAVING finished this little Work, I began to consider with myself, to whom I should dedicate it. A young Author should always grace the Title Page (of his first Performance at least) with the Name of some distinguished Personage, under the Shadow of whose Wings he may secure himself (as behind Minerva's Ægis) from the envenom'd Shafts of Criticism and Ill-nature; and the Credit of whose Patronage, whether real or pretended, may stamp some Degree of Reputation on his Work, however contemptible and deficient, in point of intrinsic Merit, it may be in itself.

self. Such, I believe is the usual Practice ; from which, however, I must necessarily deviate for this obvious Reason ; because I profess myself totally unacquainted with the Great ; and therefore don't chuse impudently to intrude a perhaps unwelcome Dedication upon a Person, whom I only know by Name and Title ; and who has not, in all human Probability, even that slight and trivial Knowledge of so inconsiderable a Being as I am.

To whom then shall I address my Poems, for without a Dedication the Volume is imperfect ! Gratitude dictates an Answer !
 * TO THOSE, who, when I was friendless, unpatronized, and destitute, generously took me by the Hand, and raised me from the Depth of Distress, into which I was immersing ! To those to whom I am indebted

* A gen'rous Public made me what I am !
 All that I have, they gave : Just Mem'ry bears
 The grateful Stamp, and what I am—is Theirs !

ed for all the Happiness of the last five Years of my Life ; and

“ For ev’ry Hope that cheers its future Prospect,
“ Smooths the Asperities of its rough Road,
“ Lightens each Care, and makes e’en Labour
“ pleasant.”

Proud I am, and ever shall be, thus publicly to make known to the World, the numberless Obligations I have to the

WORTHY CITIZENS of EXETER.

To them then, whose Friendship and Favor

“ Beyond all private Patronage I prize,”
I most respectfully dedicate this small Tribute of my Gratitude and Affection ! To write an Encomium adequate to the Merits of so respectable a Body of Men, requires an abler Pen than ever graced the Hand of the most celebrated Panegyrist. I will not therefore presumptuously undertake a Task so far transcending my Abilities. The unanimous Approbation of their admiring Countrymen loudly speaks their Worth, and supercedes the Necessity of an Eulogium
here ;

here ; and the collective Voice of a great Nation pays Homage to the Merit, the Benevolence, Integrity, and Patriotism of the CITIZENS of EXETER ! To them, then, with all its Defects, the Author presents this little Book ; and trusts that it will not be wholly unacceptable, as being the Offering of a grateful Heart, warmed with a due Sense of its Obligations to them.

That constant Happiness and Prosperity may be ever the Result of the many Virtues that flourish in, and adorn the City of Exeter, is doubtless the Wish of Thousands ; but of no one more sincerely than of

The AUTHOR.

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Odes, Poems, &c.

An ODE for the NEW YEAR,

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

—— *Nilhil hic, nisi triste videbis,
Carminē temporibus conveniente.*

I.

BEHOLD, involv'd in clouds and gloom,
Beset with show'r, and storm, and wind,
The short-liv'd year his circling course resume;
While, in his variegated train behind,
Veil'd in impenetrable shade,
Millions of embryos are laid,
Which, waken'd by the magic touch of time,
In due succession shall existence gain,
And wide diffuse abroad, through ev'ry clime,
Alternate scenes of life and death, of pleasure, and
of pain!

B

See!

II.

See! wrapt in whirlwinds, from his goal
 On wings of time he takes his flight,
 And with unequal hand, from pole to pole,
 Spreads the vicissitudes of day and night :
 But see ! advancing 'thwart the gloom,
 The youngest of the seasons come !
 The faded verdure at her tread revives,
 And emulates her flowing mantle green,
 Re-animate, the drooping herbage lives,
 And tyrant Winter slow recedes before the grate-
 ful scene.

III.

Alas ! too long his chearless reign
 Has ravag'd Nature far and wide ;
 Unnumber'd ills his dreary annals stain,
 Unnumber'd woes have grown on ev'ry side ;
 His kinsmen fell, with pow'r combin'd,
 Famine and Death have scourg'd mankind ;
 Have heap'd unnumber'd victims on the bier,
 Too lib'ral caterers for the rav'ning tomb,
 While helpless man, sadden'd with speechless fear,
 Absorpt in silent dread, has wept each fated suf-
 ferer's doom.

IV. Where'er

IV.

Where'er his haggard eyeballs scowl,
 Dire horrors thicken all around ;
 High o'er his head the roaring tempests howl,
 The knell of death deep'ning the mournful sound !
 And, while aloft the tempests roll,
 Congenial horrors shake the soul ;
 And, sympathetic to the direful scene,
 A fullen cloud obscures the human mind,
 Save where a beam of hope, glancing between,
 Lightens the distant view, and shews a fairer scene
 behind !

V.

Could I the vast creation scan,
 Each clime peculiar sorrows knows,
 For misery is the gen'ral lot of man,
 And realms, like individuals, have their woes.
 O ! could I on the sounding strings
 Sing the dire woes of realms and kings,
 While Mis'ry's fable ensign waves unfurl'd,
 And all the griefs, which renovated years
 Diffuse throughout the wide-expanded world,
 Mankind would sadden at the tale, and Nature
 melt in tears !

VI.

Beyond the trembling Poet's scope,
 The arduous theme unbounded lies ;
 Nor far unequal, does he dare to hope
 To sing th' immense detail of human miseries !
 Yet, since the neighb'ring nations round
 With troubles and distress abound,
 His let it be their sorrows to reveal,
 And paint the various scenes of various woe :
 So human pride shall, at th' affecting tale,
 Annihilated in the dust her tow'ring head lay low.

VII.

And lo ! swift issuing from the North,
 A blazing comet baleful glares ;
 Destruction spreads her crimson banners forth,
 And mad Ambition meditates her wars !
 Forth rushing from her frozen shore,
 The savage sons of RUSSIA pour :
 By blind revenge and lust of slaughter led,
 To warmer climes their dreadful way they force ;
 The trembling earth recoils beneath their tread,
 And blood, and death, and fell destruction mark
 their headlong course !

VII. And

VIII.

On OTHMAN's sons they bend their rage,
 And low'ring ruin from afar,
 Leagu'd with GERMANIA's hardy legions, wage
 Destructive fight, and waste his realms with war :
 Dire desolation stalks before,
 And quaffs huge draughts of human gore !
 While, to the future blind, short-liv'd success,
 And brutal rage to certain ruin lead,
 For complicated dangers round them press,
 Thousands by plague unpitied fall, or by the faul-
 chion bleed.

IX.

Th' Imperial spoilers, with amaze
 And rage, behold their frustrate boasts ;
 A stronger spoiler on their armies preys,
 And pestilence destroys their fainting hosts.
 While panic fears their souls appall,
 Ambition's victims, thousands fall !
 And wildly gazing on an unknown sky,
 In wilds, where desolation holds domain,
 From pressing dangers in despair they fly,
 And combat famine, floods, and foes, and pesti-
 lence, in vain.

X.

Misguided Princes! from high heav'n
 God does ambition's aims deride;
 Has he the delegated sceptre giv'n,
 To gratify the views of human pride?
 Should ye th' Imperial pow'r employ,
 The prostrate nations to destroy?
 Oh! no—design'd by heav'n the realms to bless,
 The first ambition of a noble mind
 Should ever be, to anticipate distress
 With Comfort's soothing balm, and heal the sor-
 rows of mankind.

XI.

Nor urge the plea, impious, and vain,
 Which God and Nature disapprove,
 "That Infidels should by the sword be slain;"
 Th' accurs'd commission comes not from above.
 Is the Sun's influence confin'd?
 Does he not shine alike on all mankind?
 Blackest of all the black infernal brood,
 Can Heaven sanction Persecution's sword?
 No! the Almighty not delights in blood,
 But sees serene, and pleas'd, his power by thousand
 worlds ador'd.

XII. Hope

XII.

Hope ye (vain thought)! th' unconquer'd mind
 By ruffian force can be subdued?
 Think ye, the free unfetter'd will to bind,
 Or stamp conviction on the soul with blood?
 The great prerogative of man,
 His will to bind?—Illusive plan!
 Heav'n gave him pow'r to think, reject, and chuse;
 Shall reason then bend at a Tyrant's nod?
 Dare ye to counteract th' Eternal's views?
 Oh! rather seek to blefs mankind, and emulate
 your God.

XIII.

But hark! loud thund'ring from afar,
 Dire Discord spreads her influence round,
 The echoing clarions breathe aloud—to war!
 And listening nations kindle at the sound.
 With ardor for the dire alarms
 The warlike PRUSSIAN grasps his arms!
 The DANE, and SWEDE with adverse hosts appear;
 And too forgetful of her former woes,
 Dismember'd POLAND dares her banners rear,
 And lifts her head, and burns for war, impatient of
 repose.

XVI. By

XIV.

By long-contending factions torn,
 And weaken'd by intestine broils,
 HOLLAND has learnt her perfidy to mourn,
 And curse th' intrigues of FRANCE, and Gallic wiles;
 And op'ning her deluded eyes,
 To BRITAIN for protection flies!
 BRITAIN, the pow'rful Empress of the main,
 Whose free-born sons oppression's pow'r defy,
 Whose hands the balance and the sword sustain;—
 Blest isle! the seat of peace, and arts, and heav'nly
 liberty.

XV.

And lo! while dangers hover o'er,
 And ruin threatens the troubled state,
 BRITANNIA's gen'rous sons, with saving pow'r,
 Dispel the gloom, and intercept her fate!
 By Pity led to interpose,
 They quite forget her baseness in her woes!
 At their benign approach intestine jars,
 Faction, and anarchy, and wild uproar,
 In headlong flight retreat; and civil wars,
 Kindled by her own breath, recoil on Gallia's
 hostile shore.

XVI. And

XVI.

And see, through all the murm'ring land,
 Her banners wide dissention spreads ;
 Impatient of their chains, the daring band
 Press fiercely on, and madd'ning fury leads ;
 Impatient of the galling yoke,
 BRITANNIA'S Genius they invoke ;
 And Freedom, Freedom, unaccustom'd sound,
 Breathes in each breeze, and vibrates on each ear ;
 The growing influence swiftly kindles round,
 And Gallia's sons (her value taught) in Freedom's
 cause appear.

XVII.

The gathering murmurs swell more near,
 Onward the growling thunders roll,
 The hopes of freedom banish every fear,
 And rouse each latent virtue of the soul ;
 Their Tyrant's sway they dare disown,
 And LEWIS trembles on his throne !
 The Monarch, who (with wild ambition fraught),
 Of Liberty and Right the boasted friend,
 For BRITAIN'S rebel sons unjustly fought,
 Now feels the storms himself has rais'd, upon him-
 self descend !

XVIII. Just

XVIII.

Just retribution ! he, whose power
 In an unnat'ral contest shown,
 Threaten'd BRITANNIA's safety to devour,
 Now feels reverted ills, and trembles for his own !
 The kingdom, whose ambitious aims
 Have kindled wide dissention's flames,
 And shook with dire alarms the neighb'ring thrones,
 Now, in her turn, by civil discord torn,
 Convuls'd, and trembling to her centre, groans !
 While the proud sons of widow'd SPAIN for their
 lost Monarch mourn.

XIX.

But why in quest of misery borne,
 Roams the wild Muse beyond her sphere ?
 Are BRITAIN's sons exempt from cause to mourn ?
 And have we not our share of sorrows here ?
 Ah me ! with unrelenting hand,
 Affliction saddens all the land !
 The weeping isle to her remotest shores,
 In silent anguish mourns her sov'reign's fate,
 And the fell hand of dire disease deplores,
 That of her Father, and her Prince robs the despond-
 ing state !

XX. 'Twixt

XX.

'Twixt hope and fear suspended, all
 Expect th' event of the disease ;
 From each swoln eye the chrystal torrents fall,
 And sighs and groans breathe in each swelling breeze,
 While sumless prayers and vows arise
 In vocal incense to the skies,
 And deprecate the wrath divine : but still
 Th' afflicting Angel not withholds his hand,
 But prompt th' Almighty's mandates to fulfil ;
 He in the righteous Prince's fate afflicts the guilty
 land.

XXI.

Far diff'rent scenes of former times,
 In the historic page are read,
 When *thousands suffered for the Monarch's crimes,
 And for the Prince's sins the prostrate nations bled ;
 What tho' it dreadful seem, t' atone
 By *thousand* lives—th' offence of *one* !
 Is there a man, who does not nobly glow,
 His patriot zeal, and duty to attest ?
 No ! every BRITON, to avert the blow
 From his lov'd guiltless Prince's life, bares his own
 loyal breast.

• Delirant Reges ; plectuntur Achivi !

XXII. Great

XXII.

Great God ! whose all-discerning eye
 Beholds our suppliant race their sins deplore,
 Send down thy healing influence from on high,
 And with our Prince's health his people's peace restore ;
 So ev'ry heart and tongue shall raise
 Their pow'rs in hymns of grateful praise ;
 And joy and peace serene again shall smile,
 And, oh ! may Heav'n avert each gath'ring storm,
 With which contending factions threat our isle,
 And all the wise, and good a Godlike Coalition form.

XXIII.

So neighb'ring nations, with surprize,
 And admiration shall attend,
 While BRITAIN'S glories tow'r above the skies,
 And all the prostrate world in homage to her bend !
 One int'rest ev'ry breast shall feel,
 Each bosom glow with patriot zeal ;
 And jarring factions, reconcil'd, shall cease ;
 Wisdom and justice shall direct the helm,
 Discord shall hide her head, and joy and peace,
 From former anguish more intense, shall bless the
 suff'ring realm !

XXIV. Too

XXIV.

Too flattering hopes ! to realize
 The scenes, fond Fancy has pourtray'd ;
 In vain unnumber'd pray'rs assail the skies,
 Still blacker clouds the dark'ning Heav'n invade !
 And see ! on DEVON's fertile shores,
 With tenfold rage the tempest pours ;
 Where Ifca rolls her murm'ring waves along,
 And eats away the mould'ring banks she laves ;
 Dank sorrow saddens all the mournful throng,
 And piercing sighs increase the wind, and tears, the
 swelling waves !

XXV.

But hark ! unbounded bursts of woe
 Near, and more near, afflictive swell ;
 The gath'ring crouds advance in order, slow :
 And hark again ! loud sounds the funeral knell !
 And see ! the hearse, with nodding plumes,
 In solemn silence slowly comes !
 Around in crouds the sad dependents press,
 And hang upon the scarce-revolving wheels,
 And speechless look unutt'able distress,
 Grief ties their tongues ; but in their looks distra&-
 ing thoughts reveals !

XXVI.

Needs the sad Muse demand, for whom
 This vast excess of grief is shown?
 Ah, no! prophetic, she may well presume,
 Such sorrows due to COURT'NAY's loss alone!
 COURT'NAY, whose philanthropic mind
 Felt for the woes of all mankind,
 And scatter'd blessings thro' his ample sphere,
 Friend of the poor, and patron of distress;
 COURT'NAY, who just, compassionate, sincere,
 Enjoy'd from Heav'n, and nobly us'd, the godlike
 pow'r to bless!

XXVII.

Yet, yet awhile your grief suspend,
 And spare your unavailing sighs,
 Death, that has robb'd the Wretched of a friend,
 Has giv'n an Angel to the bending skies;
 Where all his virtuous deeds display'd,
 With tenfold int'rest are repaid!
 Oh! then, forbear his exit to bewail,
 Heirs to his virtues still remain behind,
 Which pitying Heav'n shall on their race entail,
 And future COURT'NAYS still shall rise to grace,
 and bless mankind.

XXVIII. But

XXVIII.

But hark again ! the fun'ral toll
 Slow sounding, vibrates on the ear ;
 Ah ! why recoils my sad foreboding soul ?
 Why bursting starts th' involuntary tear ?
 Ah me ! with grief familiar grown,
 To sad presage the Muse is prone ;
 In unison to every sound of woe,
 Her pulses beat, her trembling heart accords,
 At ev'ry toll responsive sorrows flow,
 And ah ! too just a cause for grief the present scene
 affords.

XXIX.

For *HAYNES is gone ! the good, the brave ;
 Her friend, her patron, is no more !
 Not all his worth his valued life could save ;
 He's gone, and the sad Muse for ever shall deplore !
 For ever on his honour'd bier
 Shall drop the tributary tear.
 And if (for sure his worth has rais'd him there)
 His happy soul can view from realms above,
 The Muse lament her loss with grief sincere,
 Her friendship, gratitude, and truth, well pleas'd he
 shall approve.

* THOMAS HAYNES, Esq. a Post-Captain in the Royal Navy, a very amiable character.

XXX.

'Tis past ! the year his race has run,
And (like some tragic scene) with deaths has clos'd,
Thousands, who saw with joy his course begun,
Now lifeless, are in the cold tomb repos'd !
Ah ! happier they in peaceful sleep,
Than we, who still survive to suffer and to
weep.
Yet 'midst the sorrows of life's dreary waste,
Hope cheers our hearts with expectation given,
That each New Year shall prove more happy than the
past,
'Till an eternal day shall dawn of happiness in Heav'n.

Written 4th January, 1789.



On His *Majesty's* happy Recovery.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut Modus,
Tam chari Capitis ?*

I.

AWAKE each silent string ! awake !
Behold bright beams of comfort break
Athwart the dreary gloom !
Hence Melancholy ! hence Despair !
Let notes of gladness rend the air,
And Joy her reign resume.

II.

He lives ! our godlike Prince again
Shall bless his people with his reign ;
Again GREAT GEORGE revives !
Each instrument, with joy resound !
Fame ! spread the happy tidings round,—
Our Prince—our Father lives !

III.

Let fires with tenfold ardor blaze,
Display each sign of joy, of praise,
 Inventive art contrives ;
Drums, let your thund'ring sounds arise !
Cannons, proclaim to the glad skies,
 Our Prince—our Father lives !

IV.

Wide let the gen'ral joy diffuse,
To distant regions spread the news
 This happy season gives ;
From Zone to Zone, from Pole to Pole,
With the glad tidings blest the whole,—
 Our Prince—our Father lives !

V.

Ev'n BRITAIN's foes, who (tho' they fear
His arms) his virtues must revere,
 With silent joy shall glow !
Ev'n they our transports shall approve,
Who, while they dread, are forc'd to love
 So just—so good a foe !

VI. Oh !

VI.

Oh ! blest be that auspicious day,
That chas'd th' obscuring clouds away,
And saw our Prince revive ;
Oh ! may it to remotest time,
Sacred to joy in ev'ry clime,
In mem'ry's annals live.

VII.

And oh ! may each returning sun
Mature the glorious work, begun
On that thrice happy morn ;
May Heav'n his lengthen'd reign extend,
To blest in peace, in war defend,
And still his realms adorn.

VIII.

What force of language can impart
Th' emotions of his Consort's heart,
Our lov'd—our virtuous Queen ?
Oh ! for an angel's glowing pen !
For 'tis beyond the pow'r of men
To paint the meeting scene ;

IX. When

IX.

When (all her anxious soul possess
With feelings not to be express),
 She met her much-lov'd Lord ;
While to their parent's fond embrace,
Succeeded all his gladden'd race,
 And hail'd their Sire restor'd.

X.

Oh ! join your gratitude with their's,
Ye Britons ! to whose loyal pray'rs,
 Pleas'd Heav'n, propitious, gives
Your Prince, your Parent, and your Friend,
In whom th' endearing virtues blend,
 Again he lives ! he lives !

XI.

He lives ! each fullen shade is fled,
Faction, abash'd, conceals her head,
 Each murmur dies away ;
Ye Sons of Freedom's favor'd isle,
Suspend each humbler care awhile,
 And join the choral lay.

XII. Pour

XII.

Pour forth your praise to bounteous Heav'n,
By whom this valued boon is giv'n,
Your grateful Io's sing;
And may your ardent prayers obtain,
That long o'er BRITAIN's isle may reign,
So lov'd—so good a King!

XIII.

Rejoice each loyal heart! again
Our Prince shall bless us with his reign;—
Again Great GEORGE revives!
Each instrument, with joy resound!
Fame! spread the happy tidings round,
Our Prince—our Father lives!

XIV.

Let fires with tenfold-ardour blaze,
Display each sign of joy, of praise,
Inventive art contrives;
Drums, let your thund'ring sounds arise!
Cannons, proclaim to the glad skies,
Our Prince—our Father lives!

XV. Wide

XV.

Wide let the gen'ral joy diffuse,
To distant regions spread the news
 This happy season gives ;
From Zone to Zone ! from Pole to Pole,
With the glad tidings blest the whole—
 Our Prince—our Father lives !

3d MARCH, 1789.



Envoy

*Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
And, like a shadow, proves the substance true.*

I.

AS thro' life's mazy labyrinth we steer,
Unnumber'd ills our steps attend,
Companions of the thorny way;
There one (an envious foe) appears, and here
Another proves a treach'rous friend,
That flatter'd—only to betray!

II.

There Penury, with iron hand severe,
Bends down to earth the tow'ring soul,
That erst, to nobler views was born;
While patient merit (unregarded here),
Th' unworthy sons of vice controul,
And spurn it, friendless and forlorn.

III. Here

III.

Here dire disease, that gnaws the human frame,
 Around its baneful influence pours,
 Unnerves the body, sinks the mind;
 With boundless power consumes the vital frame;
 And though it not the whole devours,
 Leaves scarce one spark of life behind.

IV. .

Some, by inevitable loss, decay
 From affluent to penurious state,
 While the blind world, whom show beguiles,
 In the same scales mischance and folly weigh,
 And judge such only good and great,
 On whom the fickle Goddess smiles.

V.

Others, who in the lowest spheres have mov'd,
 With fortunate reverse elate,
 Inflated with a baseborn pride,
 Of those, whose aims have less successful prov'd,
 Degrade the worth with envious hate,
 With purse-proud insolence deride.

VI. But

VI.

But chiefly in each state of life we find
 Envy, concomitant of those,
 Whose merits most conspicuous shine;
 Still does the base, ungen'rous, grov'ling mind,
 'Gainst such its slanderous tongue oppose,
 Whose steps to Virtue's Paths incline!

VII.

Should humble merit even meet success,
 And, by its conscious worth inspir'd,
 O'er envy's blackest pow'rs prevail;
 Still lurking scandal from her dark recess,
 And swelling spite, with rancour fir'd,
 With falsehood's pois'nous shafts assail!

VIII.

Ev'n strangers (tho' to every one unknown)
 Whose hearts, oppress'd with care and grief,
 A safe Asylum strive to find;
 In search of which they roam from Zone to Zone,
 Should Heav'n at length impart relief,
 Are envied by each sordid mind!

D

IX. Should

IX.

Should bounteous Heav'n inspire some gen'rous friend,
 To wipe away each falling tear,
 To kindly soothe their troubled souls;
 Envy does from her native Hell ascend,
 The baleful DÆMON hov'ring near,
 Around black clouds of scandal rolls!

X.

In vain her blackest storms shall low'r; in vain
 Bright virtue's name she shall assail;
 In vain detraactive falsehoods tell!
 The virtuous soul shall all her powers disdain,
 Her curfed efforts soon shall fail,
 And she disgrac'd be driv'n again—to Hell!

April 29th, 1784.



L I N E S

ADDRESS'D to the CITIZENS of EXETER, in
behalf of the DISTRESS'D SEAMEN.

*Ignari Hominumque, Locorumque
Errant,——ob patriam pugnando Vulnera passi !*

I.

TO you, illustrious Citizens! whose fame
In time's recording annals shall descend;
Mild charity prefers her humble claim:
Ye sons of virtue! to her voice attend!

II.

If still your country to your souls is dear,
From whence her wonted gratitude is fled;
Say, can your feeling hearts, without a tear,
Behold her guardian Sailors;—beg their bread?

D 2

III. For

III.

For you, how many dangers have they brav'd!
And must they now, alas! unpitied die?
Must those, who late this falling country sav'd,
Neglected pine in want, and misery?

IV.

Must those, O blot to the historic page!
Whose youth, devoted to their country's good,
At length gives place to feebleness, and age,
Now fall, the victims of ingratitude?

V.

Forbid it, justice! shall the good, the brave,
In their own country meet so sad a doom?
BRITONS! from such a fate your seamen save,
Your wonted generosity resume!

VI.

Oh! let not those, who left their peaceful home,
For *you*, their lives to peril to expose,
Now o'er th' ungrateful land (like vagrants) roam,
And beg *that* bread their country justly owes!

VII. Ye

VII.

Ye British Seamen! once respected name,
 (Tho' impotent to aid, for you I moan;)
 Oh! had I power to rouse the gen'rous flame
 In ev'ry British breast, that warms my own;

VIII.

No longer then should you in vain implore
 The just provision to your merits due;
 The storms of poverty, and want, no more
 Should then your weather-beaten barks pursue!

IX.

Transfix'd with grief their honest hearts appear,
 As frequent they pursue their chearless road;
 In each swoln eye stands the big trembling tear,
 And on each bosom heaves affliction's load!

X.

In vain their wants, and suff'rings they declare,
 Of all the needy, disregarded most;
 Tho' these,—*now* wretched emblems of despair,
 Were *late*,—The Guardians of the British coast!

XI.

Oft in the gen'rous bosoms of the brave,
Have I beheld contending passions strive;
By want hard press'd, reluctantly they crave
Relief, to keep the vital spark alive!

XII.

Oft too have I the sons of worth beheld,
Whose hands diffuse relief to the distress,
With kind concern, by sympathy impell'd,
Soothe the keen anguish of the forc'd request!

XIII.

Blest be such bounteous souls! and may this land,
As great in virtue, as in arms appear!
Here may benevolence her wings expand,
And misery find a certain refuge,—here!

XIV.

But while these gallant men, with woes oppress'd,
Tho' loaded with existence, scarcely live;
Where must they fly? ye friends of the distress,
Their frequent importunity forgive!

XV. What

XV.

What tho' their dauntless hearts are sheath'd in steel,
 Their wrongs are poignant, as the piercing north;
 And they as men must feel, severely feel
 The bitter anguish of neglected worth!

XVI.

Wrong'd by their countrymen, despis'd by those
 Whom late they rescued from impending fate,
 Distrest they wander; while their vanquish'd foes
 Glean the poor relics of the exhausted state!

XVII.

Themselves * detain'd within th' ungrateful isle,
 Tho' prest by misery, dare not quit the shore:
 Unjust reward of services, and toil,
 Is justice, is humanity no more?

XVIII.

Rouse, Britons, rouse! your lethargy forego,
 Faith, justice, mercy, policy command;
 In all the moving eloquence of woe,
 Your *bravest sons, your speedy aid demand!*

* About the time this was written, a Proclamation was issued, prohibiting Seamen from quitting the Kingdom, or entering into Foreign service.

XIX. From

XIX.

From you, ye virtuous few! they hope relief,
Whose feeling hearts with soft compassion glow;
With pity's rays dispel the mists of grief,
And from their bosoms drive the clouds of woe!

XX.

With gen'rous care their drooping hearts revive,
Their hunger, thirst, and piercing cold allay;
Give vigor to their languid limbs, and drive
Death's gloomy prince from his expected prey:

XXI.

In their behalf exert your saving pow'r,
To other towns a great example show;
Or who hereafter shall protect your shore,
And guard your commerce from th' insidious foe?

XXII.

So shall th' Almighty friend of the distressed
Pour on your heads unnumber'd blessings down,
And give, for this great deed above the rest,
An added gem to your immortal crown!

XXIII. So

So you, ev'n in this age to evil prone,
Shall *praise*, (the just reward of merit) find;
And feel, (to vice, and tyranny unknown,)
Th' unequall'd blessings of a virtuous mind!



A CON.

A CONSOLATORY POEM.

Address'd to a LADY, who griev'd immoderately for the *Death of her Husband.*

I.

THE gen'rous grief, that overwhelm your heart,
Oh! who can hear, and fail to take a part?
The tender tears of tribute from your eyes,
Who can behold, and fail to sympathize?

II.

Yet, yet awhile refrain your generous woe,
Awhile forbid your tender tears to flow;
Your griefs awhile lose in oblivious night,
And know, "what Heav'n decrees, is ever right!"

III.

Enough is giv'n to grief: no more repine,
But to th' Almighty's will yourself resign:
The irreversible decree is past,
And shall your woes unintermissive last?

IV. Hard

IV.

Hard is the task from one most dear on earth,
The friend, the husband, and the man of worth,
To part by death; and without one sad sigh,
Or gen'rous tear, recall his memory:

V.

This Heav'n allows, and Angels from the skies,
Applaud the pious grief, and sympathize;
But to indulge one endless scene of woe
Is mere despair, and Heav'n allows not so!

VI.

Then cease at God's all-righteous will to grieve,
And deign to taste, what comforts earth can give;
No more man's fix'd invariable doom
Lament in vain: You still have joys to come!

VII.

Your beauteous son, with care maternal, rear,
The destin'd comfort of some future year;
His present innocence, and spotless breast,
Promise, his riper years shall make you blest!

VIII. To

VIII.

To him, the remnant of your days is due,
 For much his future life depends on you ;
 The soul you mourn, shall hover at your side,
 And thro' this world, to Heav'n his steps shall guide !

IX.

You too, whenever the grim Tyrant, Death,
 With unrelenting hand demands your breath,
 With glory, (like the setting Sun serene,)
 Shall quit this world, to grace a nobler scene :

X.

In innocence array'd, shall seek the shore,
 Where Sorrow, Pain, and Danger are no more ;
 Where Worth and Piety rewarded are,
 And the blest Soul you mourn shall meet you there !

Feb. 14th, 1784.

On

ON THE DEATH OF
LORD ROBERT MANNERS.

I.

YE sacred Muses ! teach the harp to weep,
The warbling lute to mourn in plaintive strain;
MANNERS is sunk to Death's eternal sleep;
Oh ! worthy better fate ! Oh ! early, early slain !
Your country's glorious pride, and valiant, but in vain.

II.

Oh ! were I blest with POPE's unequall'd Art,
In sad elegiac verse your fate to moan ;
To wake to sympathy each feeling heart ;
Each eye a tear should drop, each breast should
heave a groan,
And in his country's loss, each Briton find his own !

III.

Yet Britain soon the vengeance due shall pay,
In Gallic blood, to MANNERS' honor'd ghost ;
Yes, France in tears of blood shall weep the day,
When routed o'er the main her shatter'd fleet was tost,
And when, O fatal day ! brave MANNERS' life was lost.

E

The

The following were composed for the purpose of being copied by the Young Gentlemen of Mr. *Hallaran's* Academy, in their Christmas Pieces.

On CHRISTMAS - DAY.

AGAIN returns the ever-hallow'd morn,
 When JESUS, Saviour of Mankind, was born;
 Tremendous name ! o'er all the world rever'd,
 By Angels honour'd, and by Dæmons fear'd :
 Again the festive hour of praise returns,
 And ev'ry heart with rapt'rous fervour burns ;
 Each rescu'd soul breathes gratitude divine,
 Angels and Saints in heav'nly concert join, [shine :
 And the bright Heav'ns with brighter splendour
 And while diffusive joy each human care beguiles,
 In homage to her God the glad creation smiles.

On

On the SAME SUBJECT.

I.

BREATHE soft, ye Winds ; with brightest rays,
Thou genial Sun, resplendent shine ;
Let all the glad creation join,
With pleas'd assent, to swell the voice of praise.

II.

But as in excellence supreme,
Let Man with more exalted love,
In concert with the choir above,
With grateful ardour spread the sacred theme.

III.

With gratitude intense, his soul
Should hail her Saviour's natal Morn,
And on the wings of rapture borne,
Proclaim his mercies to each distant Pole.

On the SAME.

AWAKE! awake, each silent string,
 To notes enraptur'd of Seraphic love ;
 Join all ! your grateful accents raise
 To swell the pealing Voice of praise,
 To sing the mercies of our King,
 In concert with the harmonious Choir above !
 On this auspicious Morn,
 In notes mellifluous sung,
 Admiring spirits hail'd his birth :
 From each angelic tongue,
 (Soft as the morning dews on balmy wing,
 'T' impregnate the prolific earth,
 Their grateful influence bring,)
 These life-inspiring words descend,
 "Rejoice, O man, rejoice ; the Prince of Peace is born."
 Then while their loud Hosannahs rend
 Th' attentive Spheres ;
 The vast excess of love divine
 Astonish'd Nature hears !
 Oh ! then, let man the gen'ral chorus join ;

In

In mem'ry's praise let the blest æra live ;
 Let him thro' each successive year,
 With pious joy the sacred day revere ;
 The only poor Return his gratitude can give.

On AIR BALLOONS, EXTEMPORE.

OUR learn'd Divines their Flocks advise,
 By fervent pray'rs to seek the skies ;
 The Æronauts, with less devotion,
 Contemn this antiquated notion ;
 And strive with songs and merry tunes,
 To float to Heav'n in AIR BALLOONS.



EX TEM P O R E L I N E S,

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF

My deceased Uncle WILLIAM GREGORY, Esq.

Formerly CHIEF JUSTICE of CANADA.

THOU dear resemblance of the best of men,
Whose tender care perform'd a parent's part;
Unequal to the task, in vain my pen
Would paint the fond effusions of my heart.

But oh! if from the bosom of thy God,
Thy Orphans still possess thy guardian care;
Teach them to tread the paths thyself hast trod,
And emulate the worth, that rais'd thee there.



EX TEM P O R E L I N E S

To Master RICHARD ELLICOMBE,

On receiving from him a very elegant TOOTH-PICK-
CASE, as a Token of his Affection, &c.

I.

DEAR Child ! whose tender mind to form,
And cultivate each opening Grace,
Which, from the heart's pure fountain warm,
Diffuses sweetness o'er thy face,
Is (such the will of bounteous Heav'n)
To me, a pleasing office, given.

II.

How does my heart dilate with joy,
When (token of thy future worth)
I view the virtues of the Boy
Exuberant, outgrow his growth ;
And while futurity I scan,
In thee behold the virtuous Man.

Be-

III.

Behold thee (how the prospect warms
My swelling heart) behold thee rise
In all thy Mother's soft'ning charms,
And as thy Father, good and wise ;
See thee their mutual virtues blend,
Like them, to all mankind a friend.

VI.

See thee in virtue's cause engage,
With lib'ral hand relieve distress ;
A blessing to the future age,
Your greatest happiness to bless ;
See thee by all the good carest ;
Blest, and deserving to be blest.

V.

Your gratitude, affection fond,
And infant-love affect my mind ;
Their token I esteem beyond
The wealth of Ormus, or of Inde ;
For no possessions can impart
Such real pleasures to the heart ;

As

VI.

As when we view the soul divine,
 Ripening, our ev'ry care o'erpay;
 And see within, the pregnant mine
 In virtues rich, its stores display;
 Oh! glorious sight, what heartfelt bliss,
 What joys refin'd result from this!

VII.

Such joys I feel, my child, in you
 While I such growing worth behold;
 While I maturing virtues view,
 Virtues more precious far than gold;*
 Virtues, in future years design'd
 To bless, and to adorn mankind.

VIII.

Long may you live, my child, to warm
 Your parents' hearts with vast delight;
 And on life's ocean, may no storm
 Attack your skiff, your heart affright;
 Safe may it glide thro' calmest seas,
 And kindred Cherubs breathe the breeze.

* Vilius est Virtutibus Aurum.

IX.

And when the various scenes beneath,
And all life's joys and troubles cease,
May Angels meet your latest breath,
And waft your soul to realms of peace,
Eternal happiness to share,
And meet your much-lov'd parents there.



An ODE for his MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY.

The Fourth of June 1786.

Eheu fugaces, labuntur Anni !

I.

THE fleeting years too swiftly roll
 Into Eternity's immense abyfs ;
But who can Time's resistless power controul,
 Contractive of all human blifs ?
Who the destructive scythe withstand,
Which, brandish'd by his powerful hand,
 Abridges life's short span ?
Ah ! no one can oppose his fated doom !
All indiscriminate,
 The good, the great,
The Coward, and the Brave,
 The worthy, and the worthless man,
The Monarch, and the Slave,
 Alike devoted victims to the tomb,
Vanquish'd by Time at length, are buried in the grave.

II. And

II.

And must illustrious BRUNSWICK too,
 Brunswick, humane, beneficent and great,
 The brightest of the virtuous few,
 Bend to the rigid stroke of fate?
 Brunswick, whose foes with admiration own
 His private worth deserves the throne,
 His public virtues decorate :
 Brunswick, who like the sun, diffuses round,
 To his horizon's utmost bound,
 The blessings of his chearing rays ;
 Must Brunswick fall, the favourite of renown,
 Whose worth outvies the splendours of his crown,
 And mocks the pigmy voice of human praise?

III.

The glitt'ring pomp of Royalty may win
 The admiration of a venal throng ;
 But heav'nly virtue rooted deep within,
 Attractive draws
 A just applause,
 And gives a lustre to the poet's song !
 But must a Prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
 Whose heart beams forth benevolence divine,
 (The first in merit as in glory plac'd,)
 When the grim tyrant Death
 Demands his breath,
 His crown, his glory, and his life resign?

IV. He

IV.

He must !

Athwart Futurity's opaque expanse,
 Whose dark events the conscious Muse surveys,
 Her intellectual eyes prophetic glance,
 And scan the embryo deeds of future days !
 Her aching heart, opprest with woe,
 Foresees th' inevitable hour,
 When Brunswick too must yield to fate :
 Alas ! too circumscrib'd his date,
 By Death's relentless pow'r ;
 When in the certain tomb laid low,
 His mortal frame shall moulder into dust ;
 Such is the contract of our earliest breath,
 And Life itself is but a living Death !
 In vain, alas ! by ev'ry loyal breast,
 Are daily pray'rs to heav'n address'd,
 To crown the virtuous Prince with length of days ;
 And make the race which he must run,
 As bright, as lasting as the Sun ;
 And thus protract his subjects bliss beneath ;
 They but in vain their grateful voices raise,
 Short is the longest course, and the sure goal is Death.
 In vain the chearful choral lay
 Hails each returning Natal Day,
 And ushers in th' auspicious morn,
 On which the gracious Prince was born ;

F

And

And annual joy diffuses o'er the land ;
 Alas ! for each revolving year
 Brings the dreaded time more near,
 When from his Britons torn,
 His glorious spirit shall her wings expand :
 On the strong pinions of Religion borne,
 She shall superior rise,
 Wafted by zephyrs of his subject's love,
 From earthly bliss, and their desiring eyes,
 To more substantial joys above.

V.

Yes, the incomparable Prince,
 The patron of ingenious arts,
 Who raises humble merit from the ground,
 Infusing balm into affliction's wound ;
 Who, scatt'ring blessings from the throne,
 Does to his subjects happiness dispense ;
 Who reigns superior in their hearts,
 And reigns for them alone ;
 Ev'n he must fall !
 Must fall ? Oh ! no,
 Tho' he the common fate of all
 Must undergo ;
 He cannot fall !—superior worth
 With buoyant pow'r shall bear him to the skies ;

From

From her confinement issuing forth,
 His tow'ring soul shall rise !
 Death's blunted weapon, impotent to wound
 Th' immortal spirit, shall rebound,
 And lose its sting ;
 The Monarch shall his regal cares lay down,
 Shall change his earthly, for an heav'nly crown,
 And be in heav'n—a King !

EPITAPH on my DECEASED SISTER,

Buried in ALPHINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

UNDER this Stone are deposited the Remains of
 ELIZABETH, the Wife of WILLIAM BROWN,
 of the City of EXETER, who departed this Life,
March the 29th, 1788, in the 28th Year of her Age.

Too cruel Death ! could purity of Soul,
 With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace allied,
 The pow'r of thy destructive arm controul,
 This lov'd, lamented Woman had not died.

ON A LATE MELANCHOLY EVENT.

Heu vixit !

I.

HOW is the good Man fall'n ! Eternal Pow'r !
God of compassion, parent of the good ;
Faith wavers, when she views the fairest flow'r
In virtue's garden, blasted in the bud.

II.

How is the good Man fall'n ! the hallow'd Ile,
Where oft his voice religion's truths declar'd ;
Where piety matur'd beneath his toil,
And, mercy's herald, He th' unhappy chear'd,

III.

No longer spreads the soul-reviving sound ;
From feeling hearts while plaintive sorrows flow,
It sadly bears responsive murmurs round,
And hollow tombs re-echo notes of woe,

IV.

His life was lovely ; nor th' envenom'd spleen
Of scandal shall his memory assail ;
Sweet sympathy shall o'er the last sad scene,
With meek-ey'd pity, draw a friendly veil.

V. Thou

V.

Thou venerable Mourner ! to assuage
The poignant anguish of parental woe ;
To soothe the sorrows of declining age,
The lenient balm of comfort to bestow,

VI.

Fain would my pitying Muse her aid impart ;
But oh ! thy sorrows she has learnt to share ;
Each groan, that issues from thy grief-wrung heart,
Draws from her eyes a sympathizing tear,

VII.

Still shall she sorrow o'er the sacred shrine,
Where pious mourners on his reliques wait ;
And (if the tears of thousands, mixt with mine,
Can blot his error from the book of fate,)

VIII.

Already has a better world receiv'd,
From this sad Vale of woe, his wearied feet ;
There all his troubles amply are reliev'd,
And there your kindred souls again shall meet.

L I N E S

Address'd to a YOUNG LADY, a few Days
previous to her Marriage.

I.

SWEET Nymph ! to whom propitious Heav'n
Each grace, each varied charm has giv'n ;
Accept my grateful lays ;
Nor deem me of the venal throng ;
When Beauty animates the song,
What Muse withholds her praise ?

II.

If penetration's piercing eye
The soul's recesses can descry,
Where she her thoughts immures ;
If on the features are defin'd
The latent feelings of the mind,
How amiable are yours !

III.

O youth ! thrice happy, to whose arms
Her virtues, and her blooming charms,
Pleas'd Hymen hastes to give ;
Sure equal merit prompts your choice,
And you to gain an heart rejoice,
Where kindred virtues live.

IV.

Ye, who the nuptial state despise,
And dare affirm, that all our joys
By Hymen's rites are crost ;
Hence, ye profane ! your grosser souls
Or lust, or avarice controuls,
To finer feelings lost.

V.

Sweet Sympathy ! thou Pow'r benign,
I bend before thy sacred shrine,
To thee the Muse appeals ;
Declare, meek Queen, for thou can'st tell,
What joys, ev'n in the lowly cell,
The Spouse, the Parent feels !

VI. See

VI.

See a fond pair, with kind intent,
Each other in services prevent,
 And catch each rising thought;
Anticipating each desire,
Their bosoms glow with mutual fire,
 By kindred feelings taught.

VII.

See, while their sportive infants play,
With speechless pleasure they survey,
 Each passion's bent attend;
In them if dawning worth appears,
Each heart expands, and joyous tears
 From either eye impend.

VIII.

Sweet precious drops ! which stored above
(Th' effusions of parental love,)
 Some watchful Seraph keeps ;
Tho' true, if seeds of vice they show,
Each anxious heart is pierced with woe,
 And each wrung bosom weeps.

IX. Such

IX.

Such may you never feel ! sweet maid,
In whom each virtue is pourtray'd ;
 When heav'n shall bless your bed ;
Oh ! may your children prove like you,
As beautiful, as virtuous too,
 By your example led.

X.

Your vows, well-pleas'd the Almighty hears,
And Angels bending from the spheres,
 Your virtuous loves approve ;
Long may you live in bliss complete,
In unison your hearts shall beat,
 And render love for love.

XI.

And when at length Hygeia flies,
And awful death shall close your eyes,
 On virtue's wing upborne ;
Your guardian spirits to the skies,
With sacred joy shall bid you rise,
 And leave the world to mourn.

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

The 7th Ode of the 4th Book of HORACE.

TO TORQUATUS.

By setting before him the Certainty of Death, the Poet
advises him to live chearfully, &c.

STERN Winter now his gloomy empire yields,
And infant verdure decks the smiling fields;
Trees are again with waving foliage crown'd
Alternate seasons fertilize the ground,
And Earth her due productions spreads around :
The less'ning streams, with gently swelling wave,
In silence eat away the banks they lave ;

Ad TORQUATUM.

Illum, propositâ mortis necessitate, ad hilariter, jucundé que vivendum, invitet.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque Comæ ;
Mutat Terra vices ; et decrescentia ripas,
Flumina prætereunt ;

The

The bashful Graces, and the Nymphs advance ;
 And lead thro' sportive rounds the various dance ;
 Vain joys ! the passing hour, the circling year,
 Repress our hopes of lasting pleasures here :
 Now gentle zephyrs fan the vernal sky,
 Beneath whose influence frigid vapours die ;
 And scarce to Summer has the Spring resign'd,
 When fruitful Autumn presses close behind ;
 Swift revolution ! Autumn soon is gone,
 And stormy Winter reascends his throne ;
 What tho' the Moons in swift succession fly,
 Their monthly wainings, monthly they supply :

Gratia cum Nymphis, geminisque Sororibus audet,
 Ducere nuda Choros.
 Immortalia ne speres, monet annus ; et alium
 Quæ rapit Hora Diem.
 Frigora mitescunt Zephyris ; Ver proterit Æstas
 Interitura, simul
 Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit ; et mox
 Bruma recurrit iners.
 Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia Lunæ ;

But

But when we follow to those regions, where
 The pious Trojan now, and Tullus are ;
 And wealthy Ancus, (nature's forfeit paid)
 We shall resolve to dust, and empty shade.
 Who can th' impervious clouds disperse away,
 Futurity's opaque expanse display,
 And to himself ensure another day?
 What to yourself you liberally spare,
 Shall 'scape the clutches of your greedy heir ;
 But when to Death's unerring stroke you yield,
 And awful Minos has your sentence seal'd ;

}

Nos ubi decidimus,
 Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus, dives et Ancus,
 Pulvis, et Umbra sumus !
 Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ craftina summæ
 Tempora Di superi ?
 Cuncta manus avidas fugient Hæredis, amico
 Quæ dederis animo.
 Cum semel occideris ; et de te splendida Minos
 Fecerit Arbitria ;

In

In vain your Rank, your Eloquence may plead,
 Not Piety itself can raise the dead ;
 In vain did Dian (tho' a goddess) strive
 Hyppolitus from darkness to revive ;
 And ev'n the mighty Theseus strove in vain,
 To free his friend* from Death's indissoluble Chain.

* Pirithous.

Non Torquate, genus ; non te facundia, non te
 Restituet Pietas.

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
 Liberat Hyppolitum ;
 Nec Lethæea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
 Vincula Pirithoo !



I M I T A T I O N.

Of the 13th ODE of the 3d Book of HORACE.

To the BLANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

He promises the Fountain a Sacrifice, and Renown
from his Verses.

Blandusian Fountain! whose transparent stream
In purling rills of liquid chrystal flows;
Whose soothing murmurs captivate the soul,
And lull th' enchanted senses to repose.
Sweet Fount! to whom the grape's nectareous juice,
Ambrosial Wine, in sparkling streams should flow,
From splendid goblets crown'd with fragrant flow'rs;
Accept the grateful off'ring I bestow.

Ad FONTEM BLANDUSIÆ.

Fonti sacrificium, et ab Versibus suis Celebritatem spondet.

O FONS Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis Hædo;

To

To thee devoted, e'er to morrow's sun
 Shall streak with burnish'd gold the western sky ;
 A Kid, designing future feats in vain,
 With sprouting horns in sacrifice shall die.
 Thy stream, impervious to the Dog-star's heat,
 With crimson ting'd, thy cooling stream shall run,
 Where the tir'd ox, and ranging cattle find
 A grateful shelter from the mid-day sun.
 The oak, by me made famous, shall advance
 Thy fame ; that oak, whose spreading boughs impend,
 With verdant foliage o'er the hollow rock,
 Bounding from whence thy bubbling rills descend.

Cui frons turgida cornibus
 Primis, et Venerem, et prælia destinat
 Frustra, — nam gelidos inficiet tibi
 Rubro Sanguine Rivos,
 Lascivi soboles Gregis.
 Te flagrantis atrox Hora Caniculæ
 Nescit tangere ; tu frigus amabile
 Fessis vomere tauris
 Præbes ; et pecori vago.
 Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
 Me dicente, cavis impositam Illicem
 Saxis, unde loquaces
 Lymphæ defiliunt tuæ !

I M I T A T I O N,

Of the first Part of the CARMEN SECULARE
of HORACE.

The POET to the PEOPLE.

HENCE ye Profane! for vulgar ears no more
I strike the lofty-sounding lyre;

Ye nobler few, attend:

While to a spotless virgin choir,
Priest of the Muses, the rapt poet sings;
And from the trembling strings,
Strains divine, unheard before,
Float in wild Air, and the pleas'd Heav'ns ascend!

C A R M E N S E C U L A R E.

POETA ad POPULUM.

ODI profanum Vulgus, et arceo;
Favete linguis: Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum Sacerdos
Virginibus, puerisque canto!

To

To the CHORUS of YOUTHS, and VIRGINS.

(Attempted in SAPPIC VERSE.)

TO me, the Monarch of the Nine
Propitious, taught his Art divine,
To form the smoothly-flowing line,
And gave poetic fame;
Ye youths of an illustrious race,
Ye noble virgins, first in place,
Whom the fair Goddess of the Chace,
Whose founding arrows tame

Ad PUEROS, ac PUELLAS.

SPIRITUM Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem
Carminis, nomenque dedit Poetæ;
Virginum primæ, puerique claris
Patribus orti,
Delix tutela Deæ, fugaces
Lyncas, et cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem, meique
Pollicis ictum.

The flying lynx, and timid deer
 Honours with her peculiar care,
 Observant the bold measures hear,
 The Lesbian notes attend ;
 While in sacred lyric lays,
 Latona's mighty Son I praise,
 And the fair Queen, whose chaster rays,
 Their milder influence lend,
 To cheer the dusky hours of night ;
 Who (with her waxing crescent bright,)
 Matures the fruits, and in swift flight
 The rapid months impels :
 You beauteous virgin, who now share
 The sacred song, while thro' light air
 The festive notes glad zephyrs bear,
 And the loud anthem swells ;

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
 Rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
 Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos
 Volvere Menses.

Soon

Soon bound in Hymen's filken chain
 To th' attentive virgin train,
 (While conscious mem'ry swells the scene)
 Shall relate with pleasure,
 How once the joyous choir among,
 Grateful to the heav'nly throng,
 You join'd the sacred festive song,
 Expert in lyric measure.

Nupta jam dices, Ego Dīs amicum
 Seculo festas referente luces,
 Reddidi Carmen, docilis modorum
 Vatis Horati !



To A P O L L O.

TREMENDOUS Power! vindictive, strong,
 Who Niobe's insulting tongue,
 Which dar'd thy Goddess-Mother wrong,
 Pierc'dst thro' her offspring's hearts ;
 Thy thund'ring arm hurl'd Tityus down,
 (Around did trembling acres groan)
 And fierce Achilles fell, o'erthrown
 By thy unerring darts :
 The mighty Chief, who in the field
 The bravest of the brave excell'd ;
 But by thy mightier force repell'd,
 Against the tow'rs of Troy,

Ad A P O L L I N E M.

DIVE, quem proles Niobæa magnæ
 Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
 Sensit, et Trojæ propé Victor altæ
 Phthius Achilles ;
 Cæteris major, tibi miles impar,
 Filius quamvis Thetidos marinæ,
 Dardanas turres quateret, tremendâ
 Cuspide pugnax.

In

In vain, his dreadful spear he struck ;
The lofty Battlements but shook,
Indignant he the walls forsook,

Unequal to destroy :

Tho' him cœrulean Thetis bore,
Subdued by thy resistless pow'r,
His foes beheld on Ilion's shore

The dreaded warrior fall,
His towering neck in dust reclined ;
So falls, o'erthrown by rushing wind,
Or thousand thund'ring strokes combin'd,

The pine, or cypress tall !

Had Jove prolong'd the Hero's date,
In war insuperably great,
Imperial Troy a nobler fate

Had found : By open force

Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
Pinus, aut impulsa Cupressus Euro,
Procidit latè, posuitque Collum in
Pulvere Teucro.

Her lofty walls he had o'erthrown,
 His mighty heart to guile unknown,
 Had spar'd to attack th' unwary town
 And scorn'd the fraudulent horse !
 Disdaining, by an impious snare,
 A conquest basely gain'd, to share ;
 By fierce assault, and open war,
 Insatiable of blood,
 He would have wrapt her tow'rs in fire,
 With trembling infants heap'd the pyre,
 And slaught'ring thousands in his ire,
 Have swell'd the sanguine flood !

Ille non inclusus Equo Minervæ
 Sacra mentito, male feriatos
 Troas, et lætam Priami choreis
 Fallerat Aulam !
 Sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas, heu !
 Nescios fari pueros Achivis
 Ureret flammis, etiã latentes
 Matris in Alvo !

Oh horrible ! nor sex, nor age
 Had claim'd exemption : to assuage
 The torrent of his ruthless rage,

And his fierce spirit quell ;
 In vain all human pow'r had prov'd ;
 Th' Almighty saw with pity mov'd,
 He thine and Venus' prayers approv'd,
 And the strong Warrior fell !

And when proud Troy was laid in dust,
 (Deserv'd reward of impious lust,)
 The God, as merciful as just,

The Dardan deign'd to spare ;
 Led him through Ocean's trackless roads,
 To realms, the future blest abodes,
 Of unborn Chiefs and Demi-Gods,
 And fix'd his empire there.

Ni tuis victus, Venerisque gratæ
 Vocibus, Divum Pater annuisset
 Rebus Æneæ, potiore ductos
 Alite, muros !

Great

Great Parent of th' harmonious lyre,
 Who dost Thalia's voice inspire,
 And lively energetic fire,
 In her gay strains infuse ;
 Whether in Xanthus' waves you sport,
 Or grace the glad ætherial court ;
 The glorious dignity support
 Of the fam'd Daunian Muse !

Doctor Argutæ fidicen Thaliæ,
 Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne Crines,
 Dauniae defende decus Camenæ,
 Levis Agyïeu !



The 21st ODE of the 1st BOOK of HORACE.

On DIANA and APOLLO.

YE tender virgins ! sing Diana's praise !
Ye youths, extol in choicest lays,
The Cynthian God, whose hair unshorn
His graceful shoulders does adorn :
And fair Latona, whom Almighty Jove
Did passionately love.

In DIANAM, et APOLLINEM.

DIANAM teneræ dicite Virgines !
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium ;
Latonam que Supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi !

H

Praise

Praise her, ye nymphs, who in the silent waves
 With pleasure laves ;
 Or thro' the shady groves
 Delighted roves ;
 Where tow'ring oaks, that threat the sky,
 Their giant branches wave on high,
 And form an awful gloomy scene ;
 Which from cold Algidos protend,
 Or Erymanthus woods extend,
 Or Cragus, ever green !
 Ye youths ! with equal praise aspire
 Thessalia's vale to celebrate,

Vos lætam fluviis, et Nemorum Coma,
 Quocunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
 Nigris aut Erymanthi
 Silvis, aut viridis Cragi !
 Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
 Natalemque, Mares, Delon Apollinis,

And Delos, for Apollo's birth renown'd ;
 Whose graceful shoulders bear his brother's lyre,
 And his full quiver, stor'd with the black shafts of fate,
 Which, as he moves along, with dreadful clangor sound.

 Won by your pray'rs, th' indulgent power,
 To some less happy shore,
 To distant Persia, or the British land ;
 From favour'd Rome, and her great Emp'ror far,
 Shall drive the dire calamities of war,
 Famine, and pestilence, and death's destructive band.

Insignemque Pharetrâ
 Fraternâque humerum lyrâ !
 Hic Bellum lachrymosum, hic miseram Famem,
 Pestemque a populo, et principe Cæsare, in
 Persas, atque Britannos,
 Vestrâ motus aget prece !



JUVENILE PIECES.

The 22d Ode of the 1st Book of Horace, translated.

The following Translation is copied *verbatim* from one written in the Year 1777, by desire of DR. NEWTON, late Bishop of *Bristol*, who was pleas'd to honor the Writer, then in the twelfth Year of his Age, with particular Marks of Approbation.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

FUSCUS! the man of just, and upright heart,
Needs not the bow, nor spear for his defence,
The loaded quiver, nor the pointed dart;
But puts his trust in Conscious Innocence.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauris Jaculis, neque Arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ!

Where

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands ; or o'er
 Th' inhospitable Caucasus he goes ;
 Whether he travels to the famous shore,
 Near which (renown'd in song) Hydaspes flows !
 For lately as of Lalage, and love
 I sung ; and far devoid of care had stray'd ;
 A Wolf, that rang'd along the Sabine grove,
 From me, tho' helpless and unarmed, fled !
 In warlike Daunia's extensive plains.
 A monster so prodigious never fed,
 Nor yet Numidia in her dry domains,
 The thirsty nurse of Lions, ever bred !

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.
 Namque me sylvâ Lupus in Sabinâ,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis
 Fugit inermem ;
 Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit Esculetis,
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, Leonum
 Arida Nutrix !

If I were plac'd upon some barren soil,
 Where genial breezes never blow ; and where
 The sun, o'ercaſt with clouds, does never ſmile,
 Encompaſs'd by th' inclement atmosphere ;
 Or were I plac'd within the torrid zone,
 Where near the earth Sol's flaming axles roll ;
 Yet there my lovely Lalage alone
 Should claim my love, and ſhould engroſs my ſoul !

Pone me pigris ubi nulla Campis
 Arbor æſtivâ recreatur Aurâ ;
 Quod latus mundi nebula, maluſque
 Jupiter urget !
 Pone ſub curru, nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terrâ Domibus negatâ ;
 Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem !



The following HYMN was written much about the same Time with the preceding TRANSLATION ; and was presented together with it, to the RIGHT REVEREND PERSONAGE, before-mentioned.

An H Y M N, Written in 1777.

O LORD ! how wondrous are thy ways !
What tongue enough can sing thy praise,
Who form'd this spacious world from nought ;
Who out of darkness call'd up light,
Who made the moon to rule the night,
And who Sol's greater splendors wrought !

Who form'd those numerous lamps, that burn
Round thee nocturnal in their turn,
And light impart to us below ;
Who to all elements gave birth,
Both fire, and water, air and earth,
And all that in them move, or go.

Wing'd

Wing'd fowls that soar aloft in air,
And fishes that in waters are,
And Insects creeping on the ground ;
Wild beasts that shun the face of day,
The lion roaring for his prey,
And all the savage race around.

And last of all did Man create,
A Being, who might sing, how great
How glorious is our Heav'nly King ;
Then Lord ! since thou hast giv'n to man,
O'er other living things to reign,
So make him most thy praises sing.



The R E S O L V E,

O R,

The CONTEST between LOVE and GLORY.

SOFT as the breath, when gentle zephyrs play,
And ambient breezes fan th' unclouded air,
Ye pow'rs of song, and soft desire, away!
To my Maria's rural grot repair!

There in fond accents tell the woes I bear,
While Love and Glory rend my tortur'd breast;
While Love forbids to leave my lovely Fair,
And Honour loud upbraids inglorious rest!

Britannia's safety calls me to the field;
Attractive glory points the arduous way;
Tho' that strong Syren, Love, forbids to yield;
Yet Honour's stronger impulse I obey.

Now swells my throbbing heart! my eye-balls roll,
And each Vibration strongly beats to arms;
And now a tide of Love o'erwhelms my soul,
Unmans my heart, my rising rage disarms.

Thus

Thus by two strong conflicting passions torn,
My heart (to each alternately inclin'd)
Now here, now there impetuously is borne,
Doubts, Hopes, and Fears by turns perplex my mind.

Oft I resolve, as oft my purpose break,
Till Reason aids, commission'd from above ;
Awhile Love's paths inglorious, bids forsake,
And follow glory, whose reward is Love !



A FAREWELL POEM.

MARIA! dear, and lovely Fair,
Ah! wherefore bid me tell
The anguish my fond heart must bear,
At bidding you Farewell!
When of my' associates I took leave,
What parting sorrows fell!
Ah! how much more my heart must grieve,
At bidding you Farewell!
Think of th' unhappy culprit's pains,
Who hears the fatal Bell;
Those, and much more my heart sustains
At bidding you Farewell!
Or think, when Philomela's slain,
How grieves poor Philomel!
I more than doubly bear his pain,
At bidding you Farewell!
Yet when we meet, O! may your eye
My ev'ry grief expel;
And then long, long be it, e'er I
Again must say farewell.

The

The CONTEST of VENUS and MINERVA.

VENUS and PALLAS, heav'nly pair,
In jealous Contest fate ;
Each fought for th' other a Rival-Fair,
'Mongst those of mortal date !

Long did they rack their wits, in joke ;
At length debates ran high :
Jove overheard, and smil'd ; then spoke
The Monarch of the sky :

“ In Britain's Isle, renown'd for arms,
“ Your only equal find ;
“ B, who rivals Venus' charms,
“ Minerva's Sense of Mind !”

On

On the EARTHQUAKES,

And other tremendous Phænomena,

That happened in the Years 1782, and 1783.

IN ev'ry realm, throughout th' affrighted world,
 His Bolts of Wrath has the Almighty hurl'd;
 Portents tremendous in each climate shown,
 (While sick convulsive nature seem'd to groan)
 Have shook the trembling world from zone to zone! }
 Lo! first TRINACRIA* felt the dreadful shock,
 Her Bulwarks shake, her lofty Turrets rock;
 Her Forests wave, her Hills and Mountains nod,
 And own the Hand of a chastising God!
 While from on high her Tow'rs in ruin roll,
 And dire destruction overwhelms the whole;
 Her wretched natives in the gen'ral doom,
 Earth, yawning wide, receives alive into her womb!
 FORMOSA next, with all her swarthy race,
 Tremendous thought! is vanish'd from her place;

* The Island of SICILY, so called from its three Promontories,
 and triangular Shape.

The Isle* (no doubt) is buried in the wave,
 Where all her sons have found an undistinguish'd grave!
 Next OTTOMAN's proud empire felt the Hand
 Of God, chastising thro' her guilty land;
 An epidemic Plague around is spread,
 And heaps on heaps her cities teem with dead:
 To each adjoining land with horrid sway,
 The Pestilence resistless wings it's way;
 Swift as a tempest, or the western wind
 It flies:—and leaves unpeopled towns behind!
 E'vn Britain's isle, o'erclog'd with sin and guilt,
 Th' Almighty's vengeance for her crimes has felt:
 The God, tho' long his mercy did disarm,
 At length has bar'd his red chastising arm;
 In tempest, and in terrors clad, at last
 O'er the offending Isle in wrath has past;
 The dreadful Thunders, roaring from on high,
 Proclaim his awful progress thro' the sky;
 Loud, and more loud, tremendous! hark! they roll;
 While blazing light'nings flash from pole to pole,
 Flash, quick succeeding flash! Heav'n seems on fire!
 Now Atheists, now before his wrath retire;
 Or say, if still ye dare the God disown,
 Who bids in peals tremendous thunders groan,
 And vivid lightnings blaze from zone to zone?

* About the Time *this* was written, a Report prevailed, that the Island FORMOSA in the East-Indies, had totally disappeared.

Who

Who bids destructive Pestilence to reign?

Who calms at will the roaring of the main?

Who tempests, storms, and hurricanes can make? }

Who causes mountains, tow'rs, and rocks to shake? }

And Nature in convulsive pangs to quake? }

Who bids the Sun in race diurnal roll? }

Who is Creation's life-inspiring soul? }

Who guides, directs, and animates the Whole? }

To thy own heart, unthinking man! appeal,

If still thy heart retains the pow'r to feel;

If e'er thy thoughts, unclouded, and serene }

Have stray'd thro' Nature; in each varied scene }

Has not the God in thousand shapes been seen?

With Reason's eye th' immense Creation scan,

(Reason, the great prerogative of Man;)

Search Nature o'er, in each remotest zone,

Seas yet unfail'd, and Oceans still unknown,

Regions as yet by daring Man untrod,

All will declare, an all-directing God!

See Worlds on Worlds, on Systems, Systems rise

In order, thro' the immeasurable skies;

And (while bespangling all the vast expanse,

• The pondrous orbs in liquid Æther dance;)

The beauteous harmony in which they roll,

Proclaims a Deity that rules the Whole!

All, all with silent voice, a God adore,
And own the guidance of Almighty Pow'r !

Bend then thy haughty Scepticism, and join
Creation's voice, and own a pow'r Divine ;
Reason commands ! If Reason be no more,
Learn from the Brute, thy Maker to adore !



A P O E M,

On the Engagement, that happened *August* 5th, 1781,
between a British Squadron under the Command of
Vice Admiral HYDE PARKER, and a Dutch Squadron
commanded by Vice Admiral ZOUTMAN.

AS thro' the swelling waves from Elfinore,
A gallant British squadron homeward rode,
And with spread canvas fought their native shore,
With long reflection shadowing all the flood.

The Northern Trade beneath their convoy sail,
From different ports to fam'd Britannia bound,
Who joyfully had caught the prosp'rous gale,
And left behind them far, the distant Sound !

Long by the varying winds at sea with-held,
The fickle Zephyrs their fond hopes beguile ;
At length a breeze their bellying topfails fill'd,
To waft her Sons to Freedom's happier isle !

Between the †Lion and the *Virgin sign,
 In midway roll'd the glorious Source of Light,
 Who in the glowing East began to shine,
 And chase away the gloomy shades of Night ;

Th' Horizon beam'd red with portentous rays ;
 And as the tow'ring ships majestic glide,
 Their radiant sides reflect a sanguine blaze,
 And tinge with crimson streaks the azure tide.

Thro' the blue concave of th' aerial hall
 Dire Meteors shot (seen by the affrighted Muse)
 When from aloft th' attentive seamen call,
 A Fleet! A Fleet! and rouse the slumb'ring crews.

Swift rose our Chiefs, who (as their Admiral leads)
 Loose ev'ry sail to court th' inspiring gale ;
 The tall pines bend, 'as the swoln canvas spreads,
 And glowing waves their plunging prows assail.

Now rising swift tow'rd his meridian height,
 The glorious sun refulgent beams display'd ;
 When lo! a wood of masts obstructs the sight,
 And dims the Horizon with a lengthen'd shade.

† Leo. * Virgo.

Near,

Near, and more near, on shadowy wings they drew;
 And now their hulls of wondrous bulk appear;
 And thro' the line, (tremendous to the view,)
 The black Artillery frown'd from van to rear!

At this Britannia's ensign we unfurl'd,
 And they Hollandia's three strip'd flag extend;
 And now Contention, from the nether world,
 Horror, and Death, and all her train ascend!

Parker, in glory, and in arms grown grey,
 To us command, and great example gave;
 With him his gallant son divides the sway;
 The Sire, well worthy of a Son so brave!

McCartney, Truscott, Graham, Blair, McBride,
 And other heroes of immortal fame,
 Command the Squadron on the British side,
 And fight t' exalt Britannia's mighty name.

And now each adverse fleet prepares for fight,
 And with impatience waits the expected sign;
 But tho' oppos'd to far superior might,
 In bulk, in number, and extended line,

Yet

Yet undismay'd our valiant seamen were,
Resolv'd their Country's honour to maintain :
Were ever Britons basely known to fear,
Tho' mightier odds they oftentimes sustain ?

No tho' on thousands, thousands more should press ;
Fearless his sword a valiant Briton draws ;
Omens or numbers ne'er their souls depress ;
“ They ask no omen, but their Country's Cause !”

Now rag'd the fight ; the rattling cannons roar ;
As when Jove's bursting thunders loudly roll ;
When he on guilty heads his wrath doth pour,
And shakes the trembling World from pole to pole.

But who can tell the terrors of the fight ?
Or name the Warriors that fell therein ?
Ev'n Mars had shook with horror at the fight,
Nor could Bellona have sustain'd the din !

Seven glasses we in doubtful contest fought,
And numbers, glorious, for their country died ;
How shall I tell the wonders each fleet wrought,
Or how in valour either nation vied ?

While

While pois'd in air, with all her horrid train,
 Dire Discord shook her sooty pinions o'er ;
 Incessant fires illum'd the boiling main,
 And thousand deaths in iron tempests pour !

But when suspended in the starry sphere,
 Beneath Astræa, and the Scorpion held,
 The sacred Scales, (Fate's arbiters) appear ;
 Murm'ring they quit th' ensanguin'd watry field !

Then the long fight Britannia's genius won,
 And forc'd the hostile squadron to retire ;
 Yet Justice bids the gen'rous victors own,
 That none but Britons could have stood their fire.

Impartial eyes undoubtedly must say,
 That Holland's valour in its highest stood one ;
 Courage, nor Conduct turn'd the doubtful day,
 Due was the Conquest to the Cause alone !

Thus did Britannia's sons assert the main,
 Their subject element ; as when great Jove
 On the fierce Giants, who aspir'd to reign,
 And drive him from his heav'nly throne above,

Pour'd

Pour'd down his vengeful thunders from on high,
And terrified them with the lightning's blast ;
Then hurl'd them headlong flaming from the sky,
And under mountains the fierce rebels cast.

Ev'n so Britannia's thunder won the fight,
And 'gainst usurping Holland did maintain
The empire of the waves, (her native right)
The hereditary empire of the main.

But cease, my Muse, and know how much we lost ;
Tho' our brave seamen did the vict'ry gain,
Yet dearly was it bought, and at our cost,
Our ships were shatter'd, and our heroes slain !

And tho' the conquest should our joy excite,
Each feeling heart with pity must o'erflow ;
While Sympathy laments the effects of fight ;
Bleeds at each wound, and weeps for ev'ry woe !

For oh ! the gallant Chief *McCartney* died,
And *Graham's* glorious wounds, alas ! were deep ;
And numbers more their country's flow'r and pride,
Untimely fell, and sunk in endless sleep !

Yet

Yet glorious in their country's cause they fell,
 And shall their merit's prize hereafter reap;
 They fell like heroes; O ye Britons, tell
 Their Worth hereafter, and their mem'ries weep!

Not unreveng'd shall great *M^cCartney* die,
 Holland shall yet lament the fatal deed;
 Holland shall yet lament his Memory,
 And curse the ball that made the hero bleed!

(For still brave *Parker*, and his gallant Son
 Survive, and Holland yet their force shall feel;
 They yet shall Britain with fresh laurels crown,
 And make her foes to dread their vengeful steel.)

Blest to th' Elysian shades, his soul is fled,
 There shall *M^cCartney*, and brave **Farmer* meet;
 There shall he see the mighty British Dead,
 And crown'd with laurels their great souls shall
 greet!

* CAPTAIN FARMER, of his Majesty's Frigate *QUEBEC*, who lost his Life, together with his Ship; which was blown up in a most bloody Engagement with the *SURVEILLANTE*, a French Man of War.

For him the sacred Empress of the deep,
For him stern Neptune deigns himself to mourn ;
While all around the pitying Nereids weep,
And bathe with pious tears the hero's urn.

Still, Britons, still your country's rights maintain,
Still let your minds your ancient glories fill ;
Still fight the Rebels, Holland, Gallia, Spain ;
And teach them, Britons will be Britons still !



ADVERTISEMENT.

A FEW Copies of the following ODE were printed at *Exeter*, on the Day of their Majesties' Arrival at that City, (13th Aug. 1789). The Author, however, not from any opinion of its Merit; but at the Request of some of his Friends, whose Partiality perhaps inclines them to think too favourably of it,—re-publishes it in this Place; and trusts, that as being an hasty Production, as well as in Consideration of the extreme Difficulty of conforming to the Sapphic Measure in our Language, its Imperfections will not be too severely scann'd by the keen eye of Criticism.

An ODE, (attempted in Sapphic Verse)

OCCASIONED BY

The proposed VISIT of THEIR MAJESTIES
to the CITY of EXETER.

*Micat inter omnes
Georgium Sidus !*

*Diu
Lætus interfis Populo !*

GENIUS of Isca's sacred flood,
Old Ocean's son! who mak'st Abode
In thy hoarse channel's winding road,
Or in some oozy cave ;
Whose shell-wrought mouth the surges sweep
And gurgling o'er it's pebbles creep ;
Awhile forsake thy native deep,
Emerging o'er the wave !

Arise

Arise ! th' impetuous tide controul,
 Bid thy reverted waves to roll
 In swelling confluence to the goal,
 With mouldring turrets crown'd ;
 Where erst (historic pages tell)
 Gigantic warriors fought and fell ;
 There bid thy foaming waters swell,
 And gird the walls around !

Bid them along the gladden'd shore,
 (While Ocean's waves at distance roar)
 With eager haste their tribute pour,
 Their willing homage bring
 To Him—the Prince, whose bounteous hand,
 (Where-e'er his wide domains expand)
 Spreads blessings o'er a grateful land,—
 To their's, and Britain's King !

Genius of Isca's stream, arise !
 The MONARCH comes ! exulting joys
 Kindle, where-e'er his chariot flies,
 And blessings round him swell.
 Genius of Isca's stream, ascend !
 Where yon tall battlements impend :
 Ye Genii of the deep, attend,
 And sound the vocal shell !

Behold ! emerging from the tide,
 Along the parting waves they ride ;
 Submits, th' unruffling waves subside,
 Around the sacred train !
 And hark ! their crooked shells they sound ;
 The Waves against the shores rebound ;
 Inspir'd, the billows dance around,
 In concert to the strain.

And, lo ! above the tow'rs they rise,
 (Wild ardour flashing from their eyes)
 Their sea-green locks a fillet ties,
 Their azure mantles float,
 And loofely wanton unconfin'd !
 And hark ! again their shells they wind ;
 The loud strains thicken from behind,
 In long protracted note !

And thus the sacred flood resumes
 The song, " He comes, the Monarch comes ;"
 Ye mighty dead, forsake your tombs ;
 Ye shades of heroes slain,
 Who erst on Isca's tow'rs have fought,
 And with your lives her safety bought,
 Who feats of wond'rous valour wrought,
 Against th' invading Dane !

Or in successive times have flood
 Her brave defenders ; and embrued
 Danmonia's fertile plains with blood,

In dreadful battle shed ;

When 'gainst usurpers you maintain'd
 Your faith and loyalty unstain'd ;
 And all illegal pow'r disdain'd ;
 Arise, ye mighty dead !

And hov'ring o'er your native town,
 (Lov'd scene of former honours won)
 Upon your happier race look down,
 And view her alter'd plains ;
 Where warring legions shook the ground,
 Fields wave with yellow harvest crown'd ;
 Peace spreads her halcyon influence round,
 And heav'nly freedom reigns.

Her mould'ring tow'rs with moss o'ergrown,
 The wrecks of former grandeur own ;
 High o'er their yielding base they frown,
 And threat impending fate !

But useless now, since white-rob'd Peace
 Has bid War's baneful rage to cease ;
 Arts, Learning, Wealth, with large Increase,
 Adorn the polish'd State.

Your breasts tho' martial ardor warms,
 Tho' at the Trumpet's loud alarms,
 With joy you grasp your shadowy *arms,
 And claim the promis'd war;
 Here turn your eyes, and bless the days,
 When Peace her olive wand displays,
 When GEORGE the GOOD the Sceptre sways,
 And Discord's banish'd far.

Tho' laurell'd triumphs are decreed,
 The conq'ring Hero's glorious meed,
 Great is the price, when thousands bleed,
 To buy the dear success;
 But GEORGE (such fatal arts unknown)
 Builds on his people's love, his Throne;
 Firm Base! he makes their joys his own;
 His greatest bliss—to bless.

View Agincourt's well-foughten field!
 Behold the routed squadrons yield;
 See Viç'ry perch on Henry's shield,
 And shake her blood-stain'd plumes;
 But trace him through the bleeding land;
 See orphans from his reeking hand
 Their Sires, and Sires their Sons, demand;
 And howl around their tombs.

Warriors!

* ————— Quæ gratia vivis,
 ————— Eadem sequitur tellure repositos.

Warriors! tho' dear the kindred fight,
Tho' your souls burn with fierce delight,
Ah! view the dire effects of fight,
 The dying and the slain!
Then from the dreadful scene awhile
Turn, to Britannia's happier isle,
Where Freedom, Peace, and Plenty smile,
 And GEORGE, and CHARLOTTE reign!

Let purple Tyrants ruin spread,
And drive their wheels with carnage red,
Distilling gore, o'er heaps of dead;
 And glut themselves with blood!
O fatal lust of fame! Can those
Who on their fellow-creatures' woes
Build their renown, enjoy repose?
 Are these the Great, the Good?

Far diff'rent scenes 'tis Their's to prove;
Behold where-e'er their axles move,
Their subjects press with anxious love,
 And hail their Prince restor'd!
Pray'rs, Blessings, Praises swell the wind!
Oh! heart-felt bliss! Oh! joys refin'd!
'Tis their's,—'tis their's to bless mankind,
 To be belov'd,—ador'd.

Behold,

Behold, 'round the retarded wheels,
Prostrate, a grateful people kneels ;
Joy, speechless joy, each bosom feels

At their endearing smile !

And oh ! if rightly we divine,
Long shall this Grace of BRUNSWICK's Line
On BRITAIN's Throne illustrious shine,
And bless the happy Isle !

But when (for such Man's gen'ral Doom)
The sure—the dreaded Hour shall come,
A nobler Crown he shall assume

In Heav'n's divine Abode ;
Yet shall his Glory know no End ;
Still shall his honour'd Name descend —
As BRITAIN's Parent, and her Friend,
Almost her Guardian-God !

And till Heav'n's *dearest Gift below
This favour'd Land no more shall know,
'Till my own Stream shall cease to flow
Along yon winding Shore.

Firm to his sacred Line and Throne,
(SEMPER FIDELIS still her own,) —
This antient City shall be known,
Till Time shall be no more !

He ceas'd ! The less'ning Echoes die,
The flitting Shades around him fly,
And each emits a feeble Cry,

And hails the glorious Theme ;
Then thro' the yielding Air they glide,
Prone down the Steep the Genii ride,
They plunge into the sparkling Tide,
And sink beneath the Stream !



The

THE Abolition of the Slave Trade is a Topic, that has long engaged the public Attention; and afforded Employment to the Pens of many eminent Writers, whose Abilities are equalled only by that Humanity and Benevolence, which prompted an Exertion of them, in so good a Cause. The Subject is therefore now almost threadbare, and the little Poem I here offer to the Public, must not be expected to cast any new Lights on it, as it consists merely of general Remarks on the Injustice and Inhumanity of the Trade; Remarks, which have doubtless already met the public Eye, though perhaps in a different Garb. To go about to prove the Injustice of this Species of Traffic, would be to offer an Insult to the Understanding of my Readers; and it being once laid down as an Axiom that it is unjust, it must necessarily follow, that it is also highly dishonourable to the British Nation, "*Nihil enim honestum esse potest, quod justitiâ vacat.*"

Notwithstanding the Sophistry that has been used in Vindication of this Trade by those who are interested in it, (for such alone can be base enough to defend so base a Cause); notwithstanding their *unfair* Representation, viz. "That the Condition of the Slaves in the Plantations is far more comfortable than that of *the Poor* in this Land of Freedom;"

“ Freedom ;” I have not yet heard any satisfactory Argument adduced to controvert what has been often advanced, “ That the Traffic in itself is “ inconsistent with, and repugnant to the Laws of “ God and Nature ;” which, I presume, no temporal Motives can warrant us to infringe. Their Representation I call *unfair*, because, even admitting their Slaves may be provided with an equal Quantity of Food, and of the other Necessaries of Life, with our *Poor*, (which however I much doubt) yet I cannot but consider it as a strong Proof, that every Trace of Sensibility, and the finer Feelings of the Soul, much be entirely deadened, if not totally extinguished, in Men, who in the poor Privilege of receiving corporal Sustenance, center the utmost Comfort and Happiness of Life, which they deem it expedient to allow to their Fellow - Creatures, by their Cruelty made *Slaves* ! But do they pretend that the Poor of Great Britain enjoy no other Comfort, than what is common in all Countries to the Beasts of the Field ? Is the Peace of Mind they must experience from the Consideration of living under a mild and free Government ; Is the external Exemption from the merciless Lash of unfeeling Tyranny, which results from thence ; Is the Happiness of living in their native Country (for which every Person possessed of the smallest Spark of Sentiment must have a strong Attaché ; Is the Vicinity of their Friends and Relations, whose benevolent Endeavours conduce

duce to lessen and soothe their Distress by Sympathy and Tendernefs ; Are all these, I say, to be excluded from the Catalogue of the Comforts of Life ? If so, may the Comfort and Happiness of the Advocates for Slavery be portioned out to them by their own Weights and Measures, and by the Criterion of their own Definition !

No ! No ! “ Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still “ Slavery, still thou art a bitter Draught ! ” No Arguments, however specious and plausible ; no Pretences of national Advantages, can justify a Traffic so flagrantly infamous, or authorise any one Kingdom to depress and depopulate another : Infinitely inexcuseable then it must be in Britons, (whose Liberty is their Birthright and dearest Possession) to deprive others of their Fellow-creatures of what themselves justly deem, the greatest of human Blessings.

If I have expressed myself with too great a Degree of Warmth in the subsequent Pages, I beg my Readers to impute it to that honest Indignation, which every Man must feel who has duly weighed and considered the various Circumstances of Cruelty and Barbarity, with which this Traffic (in itself unjustifiable) is prosecuted. It is in the Power of the British Legislature to render infinite Service to the present and every future Age, by exterminating this iniquitous Trade, and to blot out the Stigma it has fixed on this Country, by setting the
first

first glorious Example of Justice to the Rest of the World. Instead of Slaves, the Africans, once civiliz'd, may become valuable Friends, and Allies of this Kingdom, "and what may not that savage Greatness of Soul, which appears in these poor Wretches on many Occasions, be raised to, if rightly cultivated? What Colour of Excuse can there then be for that Contempt, with which we treat this Part of our Species; that we should not put them on the common Footing of Humanity; that we should only set an insignificant Fine on the Man who murders them; nay that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Prospect of Happiness in another World, as well as in this, by denying them that, which we look upon as the proper Means for obtaining it?"

To my Mind these Reflections are pregnant with Horror, and I cannot but declare, That it is the Wish nearest my Heart, that the large Portion of our Fellow-Creatures who now groan under the Yoke, may receive, if not immediately a total Manumission, at least the greatest possible Mitigation of their Sufferings, from the Wisdom and Justice of the British Parliament. I have not the Vanity to expect, my Mite will conduce to the obtaining of so desirable an End; yet as the long Protraction of the

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Business

Business, occasioned by the strong Opposition it has met with from the interested Part of the Community, may perhaps damp and abate the Ardour of many, who at first took a very warm Interest therein; I think it highly requisite, (and I presume my Opinion will not be singular) that the Warmth of their Animosity against "this Traffic in Human Blood" should be kept alive by occasional Publications on the Subject; on which Score I humbly hope the following will be received with Indulgence.



A POEM on the SLAVE TRADE,

*Quid non mortalia peElora cogis,
Auri sacra Fames?*

OH! could I to the Heav'n of Heav'ns aspire,
And steal (Prometheus-like) celestial Fire,
To wake to life and thought each torpid soul;
And bid Humanity, from pole to pole
Diffuse her Influence, and extend her reign,
And teach Mankind to feel, and act like Men!
Or could I, from some flaming Seraph's wing,
A glowing quill obtain! each trembling string,
Swept with a force and energy divine,
Should sound, in concert to each living line!
My Muse should then, with pow'rs by Angels giv'n,
Assert the cause of Liberty and Heav'n!
Then should she pour her ardent strains along,
In numbers, glowing, animated, strong;
Strains, that should Feeling ev'n to Stones impart,
Or the Slave-Merchant's more obdurate heart;
Those hearts, than Rocks of Adamant more hard,
By Avarice 'gainst each social passion barr'd,

Of Christian Tyrants, in whose sordid souls,
 Each nobler impulse, thirst of gain controuls ;
 Of wretches, cast in Nature's coarsest mould,
 By whom their Fellow-Men are bought and sold ;
 Such is the curst, insatiate lust of gold !

Alas ! unaided by the Heav'nly Choir,
 No living numbers tremble on my lyre !
 My humbler strains flow, unadorn'd by art,
 Warm from the genuine Fountain of the heart ;
 Humanity directs their willing course,
 And Pity gives (if ought they have of) force.
 Hail ! social Passions, sprung from realms above,
 Pure emanations of Eternal Love,
 Of all the virtues of the soul, the best ;
 They glow with tenfold strength in godlike *Howard's*
 breast.

'Tis their's the boist'rous passions to controul,
 And melt to tender sympathy the soul ;
 To soften the afflicted sufferer's doom,
 And cheer the horrors of the dungeon's gloom.
 'Tis their's to give the starving orphan bread,
 To bid Affliction rear her drooping head ;
 From Mis'ry's eye to wipe the bitter tear,
 The trembling Sire, and weeping Mother cheer ;
 With mild Compassion's grief-assuaging ray,
 To chase Disease and Penury away ;

To teach Mankind his Fellow's woes to mourn,
And greatly plead the cause of Millions, yet unborn !

Oh ! could the great, tho' arduous task, engage
Some bard, the Pope, or Dryden of the age.
Can nobler views employ a poet's pen,
Than to reform the faults, and ease the woes of men ?
Then might we hope, to ev'ry British heart
His warmth divine would kindred warmth impart ;
That dormant virtue in the thoughtless breast,
Rous'd by his gen'rous cares for the oppress'd, }
Would waken into Life, and shine confess'd. }
Philanthropy, that now inactive lies,
Her name scarce known, would like the Phœnix rise,
Thousands would kindle at the glorious view,
And ev'ry Briton be an *Howard* too.
Angels with silent joy would view the scene,
The sun shine forth with radiance more serene ;
Heav'n's dearest Blessing,* wide extended, reign ;
Slavery no more would forge her galling chain ;
No more her Goads, or Scorpion Whips employ,
Nor heav'n-illumin'd Man, his Fellow-Man destroy.

Alas ! the greater poets of our days
To viler subjects prostitute their lays ;

L 3

And

* Liberty.

And while they Satire's rugged paths pursue,
 Lash the few foibles of the virtuous Few.
 Ungrateful task! tho' each malignant verse
 May the mild heart of injur'd goodness pierce;
 Tho' each vile shaft, levell'd by Party Hate,
 May wound some good, great Man, more good than
 great;

Tho' ev'ry line of their embitter'd song,
 Extort th' indignant glow of conscious wrong;
 Tho' while they at superior merit scoff,
 Envy may smile, and Sons of Folly laugh;
 Virtue their frustrate efforts will disdain,
 And with contempt repay th' injurious strain.
 For when against the good she aims her dart,
 And Vice, her lawful game, escapes the smart;
 Then Satire may be fear'd, but not approv'd,
 May be admir'd, but cannot be belov'd.

As when within the covert of a brake,
 Lies half conceal'd, half seen, the ambush'd snake;
 While on his scales the trembling sun-beams play,
 His glowing scales reflect the blaze of day;
 Th' astonish'd traveller, with fixt surprize
 (While thousand hues in quick succession rise)
 The beauteous snare with fear, yet admiration eyes;
 Wishes more near to view the lovely skin,
 But dreads the deadly bane that lurks within;

So

So Satire, by a name assum'd, conceal'd ;
 (Half hid, and half thro' vanity reveal'd ;)
 Tho' thousand beauties in each flowing line,
 Diction and energy unequall'd shine ;
 Tho' charms poetic in each verse are shown,
 Which Maro, or Mæonides might own,
 Or Milton's self, the Prince of Poets boast ;
 Still all her beauties to the mind are lost !
 True, they may charm the ear, or to the heart
 A momentary pleasure may impart ;
 But when reflection views with cooler eyes,
 The rankling poison in the fair disguise,
 Th' extrinsic charms that veil envenom'd spite,
 Or keen reproach, no more the heart delight ;
 Recoiling with disgust, men view the plan,
 Admire the Poet, but avoid the Man.

O ye ! who in this thorny path engage,
 Awhile from merit's foibles turn your rage,
 And lash the ranker vices of the age ;
 If you must follow Satire's rough road still,
 In Mis'ry's cause draw forth your gall-dipt quill ;
 With tenfold acrimony whet your pen,
 And scourge these scourgers of their Fellow-Men ;
 With noble rage assert the suff'rer's right,
 And drag forth hidden villainies to light.

Let

Let Truth with Satire blend, to plead the cause
 Of Justice, and of Nature's injur'd laws ;
 And stand auxiliar to unaided right,
 'Gainst lawless rapine, and all-grasping might ;
 So shall a flame kindle in every breast,
 All, all shall arm in aid of the oppress'd ;
 And rescu'd thousands, freed from tyrants' chains,
 Grateful, shall bless your salutary strains ;
 So not a Party, but the virtuous Whole
 Shall praise, and spread your fame from pole to pole

What tho' a gen'rous few, in the just cause
 Of Heav'n's, and Nature's violated laws,
 The worthiest names of this degenerate age
 Have dar'd with noble ardor to engage ;
 Have greatly strove our feelings to alarm,
 And Freedom's Sons in Freedom's Cause to warm ;
 To rouse each spark of justice in each mind,
 Assert the injur'd rights of Human-kind,
 To waken from inglorious sloth, the land,
 And wrest the scourge from stern Oppression's hand ;
 And blot the well-earn'd stigma from our isle,
 That she, of Liberty the native soil,
 Should legalize such horrid deeds, as spread
 Ev'n o'er the Negro's cheek, a deeper shade ;
 Should in her bosom nourish and protect
 Wretches, of all the vile, the vilest sect ;

Wretches,

Wretches, by whom, for curst lust of gold,
 God's noblest Works, like beasts, are bought and sold.
 Still, still prevail Corruption's venal train,
 While WILBERFORCE, and Heav'n oppose in vain.
 Ye Many! who unmov'd the contest view,
 And heedless your respective aims pursue;
 Have you with care the god-like object scann'd,
 By warm Benevolence divinely plann'd?
 By Heav'n inspir'd, the philanthropic scheme,
 Does with unnumber'd future blessings teem!
 And have you thought, on its uncertain end
 The fates of millions yet unborn, depend?
 And can your souls remain inactive still,
 Content, because you not promote the ill?
 Negative virtue! Good should be our view;
 Inaction's guilt, while ought remains to do!
 Good is the task for our performance giv'n;
 And Good alone will meet reward in Heav'n!
 Rouse then, nor longer let a fordid race,
 Insult your feelings, and your land disgrace;
 Rouse from your lethargy! a glorious aim
 Invites, and promises eternal fame;
 Ye Sons of Freedom, merit still the name;
 No more let tyranny reign uncontroul'd;
 No more with shameful apathy, behold
 Your Fellow-Men to chains and slav'ry fold;

Exert

Exert your powers, and Justice shall prevail ;
 Can Tyrants stand, when Freedom's Sons assail ?
 But if the Muse can no attention gain,
 If Mis'ry weeps, and Pity pleads in vain ;
 If your hard hearts can no compassion know,
 Impenetrable to the voice of woe,
 If Self alone engross your darling care,
 And kindred wretches no regard can share ;
 If your firm souls inflexible are steel'd,
 And scorn th' ignoble weakness of—to yield ;
 The tenderness of feeling hearts disdain,
 And with indiff'rence view a Brother's pain ;
 Yet let some care for much-lov'd Self be shown,
 And think the wretches case may be your own !
 He starts ! Ha ! do my words your fears alarm ?
 When Self is threaten'd with approaching harm,
 Then, then the wretch, Society should spurn,
 Who knows not for another's woes to mourn,
 Trembles to think, " o'erwhelm'd in mis'ry's tide,
 Himself may want the tear he has denied !"
 What right has man, save that of lawless power,
 To tear his fellow from his native shore ;
 Transport the captive o'er the distant wave,
 And for curs'd gold to sell the trembling Slave ?
 True, ruling Heav'n has now to Christians giv'n
 The Sword, and well they use the gift of Heav'n ;
Has

Has now on us bestow'd superior pow'rs;
 But will superior force be always our's?
 Ev'n Africa, tho' now deprest by Fate,
 Was once, like Britain, free, and fear'd, and great;
 And may not Heav'n transfer the pow'r abus'd,
 And Britons want, what they have oft refus'd?
 That mercy, boasted Christians will not grant,
 In future days, their future race may want;
 Their cruelties may live to distant times,
 And their sons suffer for their parents' crimes:
 Should Heav'n in vengeance send that dreadful day,
 Their Pagan slaves with justice may repay
 The horrid lessons, they from Christians learn,
 And their own arts with interest return!

Great God of Nature! whose creative hand
 Has planted countless beings in each land;
 Of various customs, languages, and name,
 But all in heav'nly origin the same;
 For all the spark divine of reason share,
 And in their souls their Maker's image bear;
 Divine Original! tho' more refin'd
 Some are, than some, in manners, and in mind;
 Not polish'd manners, nor the lib'ral arts
 Stamp in thy sight the value of men's hearts;
 Virtue alone attracts thy great regard,
 And Virtue only shall receive reward!

The

The wretched Negro, whom no arts adorn,
 Th' enlighten'd European views with scorn;
 Yet may his mind with native greatness glow,
 And on a rugged stem luxuriant fruit may grow:
 Ev'n he may with untaught, yet pious mind,
 " See thee in clouds, or hear thee in the wind;"
 And while loud tempests Nature's face deform,
 Worship the God of Nature in the storm.
 And shall his grateful tho' uncultur'd soul,
 While infinite Perfection rules the Whole;
 While Justice, and unbounded Mercy reign,
 Pay homage to her unknown God, in vain?

Oh no! in mercy to the Christian race,
 Thou hast display'd th' immensity of Grace;
 Thy boundless love in man's Redemption shown,
 And made thy will by Revelation known;
 Thy glorious promises of bliss above
 Invite obedience, and command his love;
 But should th' Ingrate, (such various blessings pour'd
 Upon his head) despise thy sacred Word,
 And by his crimes insult Creation's Lord;
 Shall empty, unproductive Faith alone
 Avert thy Justice, or his crimes atone?
 Tho' he a Christian by profession be,
 The moral Pagan has less guilt than he!

What

What tho' th' unerring Laws of God ordain,
 That Millions should in ignorance remain ;
 Shall We th' impenetrable cause arraign ?
 Those lights his mercy has to us supplied,
 Infinite Justice has to them denied ;
 But should We, who superior pow'rs enjoy,
 The Giver's Gifts against Himself employ ;
 Pow'rs given for Man's general Good alone ;
 And not for innate Merits of our own ;
 Should we with them our Fellow-Worms oppress,
 And on their Heads accumulate Distress ;
 Should we presume, with Slav'ry's iron rod
 To scourge the Living Image of our God ;
 Were nobler Talents for this Purpose giv'n ?
 And is not this to insult the Majesty of Heav'n ?

Gods ! while I read the long detail of Woes,
 Which Christians on this hapless race impose ;
 My agitated soul, at ev'ry page,
 Now melts with pity, and now glows with rage ;
 Tho' swelling oceans roll their waves between,
 Tho' Rocks, tho' mighty Empires intervene,
 With my mind's eye I view each dreadful scene ;
 And while by sympathy their griefs I feel,
 The tides of refluent blood within my veins congeal ;

M
Their

Their cruel Tyrants with abhorrent ken
 I view, and blush to think, that they are Men !
 Shou'd I (while Memory can yet afford
 Painful remembrance of those scenes abhorr'd,
 Which Truth does in her glowing page record ;
 Scenes, which with unexampled Horrors fraught,
 Th' Historian has feelingly been taught,
 And sad experience has too dearly bought ;
 Should I (while Mem'ry to her charge is just)
 Repeat whole Tomes of Murder, Rapine, Lust ;
 Each eye, whose sluices yet contain a tear,
 Dissolv'd, should drop its silent tribute here !
 But to repeat (which while Attention reads,
 The freezing blood back to its source recedes)
 The long, black catalogue of bloody deeds ;
 Which in th' Historic ample page inroll'd,
 By conscious Truth with manly warmth are told !
 Such horrid deeds, as have no parallel
 Again on Earth ; scarce equall'd ev'n in hell :
 Thro' cruelty's dire mazes to pursue
 The blood-mark'd steps of this destructive Crew,
 While shudd'ring Nature sickens at the view ;
 Such dreadful scenes but faintly to pourtray,
 Exceeds the trembling Muse's strongest lay ;
 Her soul appall'd, recoils from the dire sight,
 And Numbers fail, unequal to recite.

Thou

Thou Ill-productive Ore ! thou shining Curse !
 Of sumless woes to Man the baneful source !
 By thee his noblest feelings are controul'd,
 And every tie of nature yields to Gold !
 Thou break'st the strongest link that holds her chain,
 While every dear connexion pleads in vain !
 Thou fillest families with rage and strife,
 And deem'd the Comfort, art the Curse of Life !
 Brothers for thee rob Brothers of their breath,
 And, like the Theban Rivals, stab in Death ;
 Sires against Sons, and Sons 'gainst Sires arise,
 In mortal strife, and thou the fatal prize ;
 Injustice, Rapine, Murder, owe their birth
 To thee, and fill with crimes and blood, the earth !
 For thee the Parricide, with hand abhorr'd,
 Presents the poison'd bowl, or thirsty sword,
 And madly eager for the hoarded pelf,
 At once destroys his Sire, and damns himself !
 From hence thy influence spreads to millions round,
 And the world's limits are its only bound ;
 The Few are but the World's Epitome,
 For Kingdoms, States, and Empires worship thee !
 Destructive Fights for fatal Gold are fought,
 And mines of gold with seas of Blood are bought,
 While Justice bends before the potent Ore,
 And Guilt regards her awful frown no more !

" Ev'n Britain's Sons, in charter'd Freedom born,
 Who fraud and avarice should greatly scorn ;
 Dare take from others, thro' base sordid views,
 What they themselves had rather die than lose ;"
 Dare poorly use the privilege of Might,
 To rob the helpless Negro of his right ;
 Far from his Country, and each tender tie,
 They force the trembling wretch to slavery ;
 And spurr'd to infamy by lust of Gain,
 To their religion, and mankind a stain ;
 For Gold, curst Gold they cross th' indignant flood,
 To traffic in their Fellow-Creatures' blood !

Whither, oh ! whither are those virtues flown,
 For which Britannia thro' the world was known ?
 That generous Ardor, that denotes the Brave,
 That doats on Mercy, and delights to save ;
 To humble Tyrants, and redeem the Slave !
 Alas ! that free enthusiastic mind,
 That prompted to redress, and bless mankind ;
 Now warms the breasts of Britain's Sons no more ;
 But kindles Freedom on some happier shore !
 (While mercy sent from Heav'n, in vain complains,)
 The Sons of Freedom hold Mankind in Chains ;
 Extend their iron sway beyond the waves,
 And make the wretched race of Afric, slaves.

From

From the white Cliffs that guard the sacred coast,
 Their Island's Genius views his influence lost ;
 With grief he views, and sickens at the sight,
 And meditates, with anguish'd heart, his flight ;
 Yet loth his favour'd kingdom to forsake,
 On once lov'd scenes, reluctant turns his Back :
 His radiant Eyes illumine the boiling seas,
 And Ocean glows beneath their fervid rays ;
 The beaming splendors of his piercing Eyes,
 On Gallia's shore, like blazing stars, arise ;
 Despotism trembles on his iron Throne,
 And thro' the land emits an hideous Groan ;
 Then inly blasted by the scorching light,
 Pines by degrees, and withers at the sight !
 Freedom displays her Banners in the Skies ;
 And the glad nation to her standard flies !
 From Man to Man the generous Ardour runs,
 Sons cheer their Sires, and Sires inspire their Sons ;
 The praise of Freedom dwells on every breath,
 And All resolve on Liberty, or Death !
 Wide, and more wide, her growing power expands,
 And rouses all the circumjacent lands ;
 Soon to each realm the spreading flame shall run,
 Between the rising and the setting sun ;
 Between the Arctic and Antarctic Pole,
 The thirst of Liberty shall fire the whole ;

All

All, their inglorious chains shall nobly spurn,
And for th' untasted sweets of Freedom burn ;
Rous'd from her Lethargy each soul shall soar,
Shake off her rust, and be a slave no more.
Ev'n Afric's injur'd race with joy shall find
Freedom,—the common Birthright of mankind ;
Keen for revenge their ardent Hearts shall glow,
With Int'rest shall repay the debt they owe,
Shall whet th' avenging sword, and lay the oppressor
low.

Ye sons of Britain, once the noblest name,
That e'er was blazon'd by the Trump of Fame ;
O yet be gen'rous while you have the Pow'r,
Arise to save, nor lose th' important Hour ;
Assist mankind, ye Sons of Liberty,
Assert her cause, and set the nations free !
'Tis Pity's voice breathes in my plaintive strain ;
To hearts like yours can Pity plead in vain ?
Ye Sons whose filial piety would brave
The worst of deaths, your trembling Sires to save ;
Ye trembling Sires, whose anxious bosoms prove
The mixt emotions of paternal love ;
Ye husbands, blest in wedlock's joys and Cares ;
Ye faithful wives whose souls are knit with theirs :
O think what pangs would rend each tortur'd heart,
Forc'd from its friend, its better half, to part !

Think

Think with what Agony your souls would mourn, }
 To see him from your fond Embraces torn, }
 And by rude ruffians into slavery borne ! }
 These scenes to Britain's happier realms unknown,
 In wretched Afric every day are shown ;
 These pangs each hour some Negro's heart endures !
 For are their feelings less acute than yours ?
 Are they not doom'd Distress and Joy to feel,
 Or are they callous both to good and ill ?
 Are not their hearts to nature's feelings warm ?
 Or have they nothing human but the form ?
 Shall they not die, like us to rise again ?
 O ! say, Have they not souls ? Are they not men ?
 Full well I know, Pride deems it a disgrace,
 On equal terms to view the Negro race !
 " Black wretches only form'd to be our slaves !"
 'Tis thus illib'ral ignorance proudly raves.
 That they are wretches, they to Christians owe,
 That they are black, th' Eternal made them so.
 'Tis not, vain man, the tincture of a skin,
 That speaks a great exalted soul within ;
 Thro' the dark veil, that Heav'n has o'er them thrown,
 Their souls may blush for vices not their own.
 O then forbear a Brother to despise,
 But learn to view them with impartial eyes !
 Rise to their aid, sons, husbands, parents, all,
 'Tis nature calls, obey her awful call !

Let

Let prejudice no more your judgment blind ;
 But view all nations, as your fellow-kind ;
 Created for one End, by the same God ;
 And rescue Afric from oppression's rod :
 Unite your pow'rs a suff'ring land to bless,
 And Heav'n will crown your efforts with success !
 O ! bid the wretched Negro-race to live,
 For without Freedom, life no joys can give !
 Bid the bright Sun of Liberty arise,
 With long lost lustre to rejoice their eyes ;
 Bid them awake again to bliss, and be
 Like Britons happy, and like Britons free !
 So Friendship shall a willing land invite,
 With her Deliv'rer firmly to unite ;
 Britain her rebel sons shall mourn no more,
 While Lybia's wealth shall in her bosom pour,
 And Commerce find, with thousand sails unfurl'd,
 In Africa,—a better " Western World !"

F I N I S .

ERRATA.

Page 34, Verse 1, Line 1, for *Grief* read *Griefs*.

Page 57, Line 15, for *Wing* read *Wings*.

Page 72, Line 14, for *Quocunque* read *Quacunque*.

Page 76, Line 11, for *Nebula* read *Nebulae*.

Page 93, Line 6, for *Beneath* read *Between*.

Page 107, Line 13, for *much* read *must*.

Page 108, Line 11, for *Prentences* read *Pretences*.

Page 122, Line 23, for *scenes* read *scenes*.

